YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ MAY 28 1943

VOL. 1, NO. 49

By the men . . for the men in the service

What's Unusual Here?

While these flying sergeants of the Air Forces in Africa await appointment as flight officers they wear a variety of uniform that is strange to the GI eye. At left is F. A. Townsend of Newton, Iowa. In center, R. T. Quinn of Gary, Ind., wears a U. S. officer's uniform he bought in the States in anticipation of that flight officership. To it he's affixed his stripes. W. J. Albrecht of Chicago wears the British battle dress issued to many U. S. soldiers operating in the desert.

Story of the American Assam Dragons in India

SEE PAGE 3

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Some members of the Assam Dragon Squadron before they started out on a strafing mission in Burma. Left to right: 1st Lt. David R. Jones, 1st Lt. Ray Uglow, 1st Lt. Ira M. Sussky, 1st Lt. Jack T. Irwin, 1st Lt. Robert H. Bixby, Capt. John E. Jones, 1st Lt. Ben McQuillen and 2d Lt. Don P. Taylor.

Cpl. Jesse C. Carter of Moreland, Ky., and Taps, the monkey that doubles as an air-raid warden for Carter's antiaircraft-gun crew at Indian air base. When U.S. planes approach, Taps keeps quiet. He knows their motors. If he hears an enemy plane he chatters and rattles his chain in warning.

From the porch of the Assam Dragon Squadron

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THE OFFICIAL INSIGNIA OF THE SQUADRON

erations office, YANK's Sgt. Bob Ghio photographed a P-40 as it taxied toward the runway.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

ASSAM, INDIA—Lt. Ira M. Sussky, the 23-year-old operations officer from Little Rock, Ark., leaned against the porch of the tea-plantation bungalow with the other fighter-pilots grouped around him. Over under the trees, the ground crew was warming up a grotesquely painted P-40 and Sussky had to raise his voice to be heard above the roar.

"There's a concentration of Jap troops in the jungle 500 yards north of the most northerly bungalow at Suprabum," he shouted. "We'll hit 10 minutes south of Suprabum, then strike out due north and come up the valley. Get in string, peel off and bomb from east to west. Drop your demolition bomb on the first run and your frags on the next one. Then strafe them twice and head for home."

Moving down the steps of the stilted bungalow which serves as their operations office, these American pilots of the Assam Dragon Fighter Squadron trotted toward their bomb-loaded P-40s, dispersed around the field that had once been a polo grounds for British tea planters. Lt. Ben McQuillen pronounced the customary pre-flight benediction in his deep Texas drawl:

"The Assam Dragon prowls again."

Within 10 minutes, a flight of eight fighter-bombers raced down the asphalt runway and took off toward the mountain range in the east that separates India from Burma, the white painted dragon mouths on their noses glistening in the morning sun.

We went back to the operations office to await their return and talked with Sgt. Manuel Valerio of Newell, S. Dak., about this bunch of Yank fighter-pilots who have raised so much hell with the Japs in Burma.

Hanging on the wall over Sgt. Valerio's head was the Assam Dragon Squadron's battle insignia, designed by Lt. Robert McClung, who was a commercial artist in Denver before the war. It shows a dragon with an ear-to-ear smile. The boys in the squadron say he grins like that only when they feed him generous helpings of his favorite dish—dead Japs.

"These guys are driving the Japs nuts," Valerio said. "They run almost daily bombing and strafing missions against the Jap bases and supply routes in northern Burma. Then when the Japs

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come over here to hit back at them, the Dragons are already up there waiting for them."

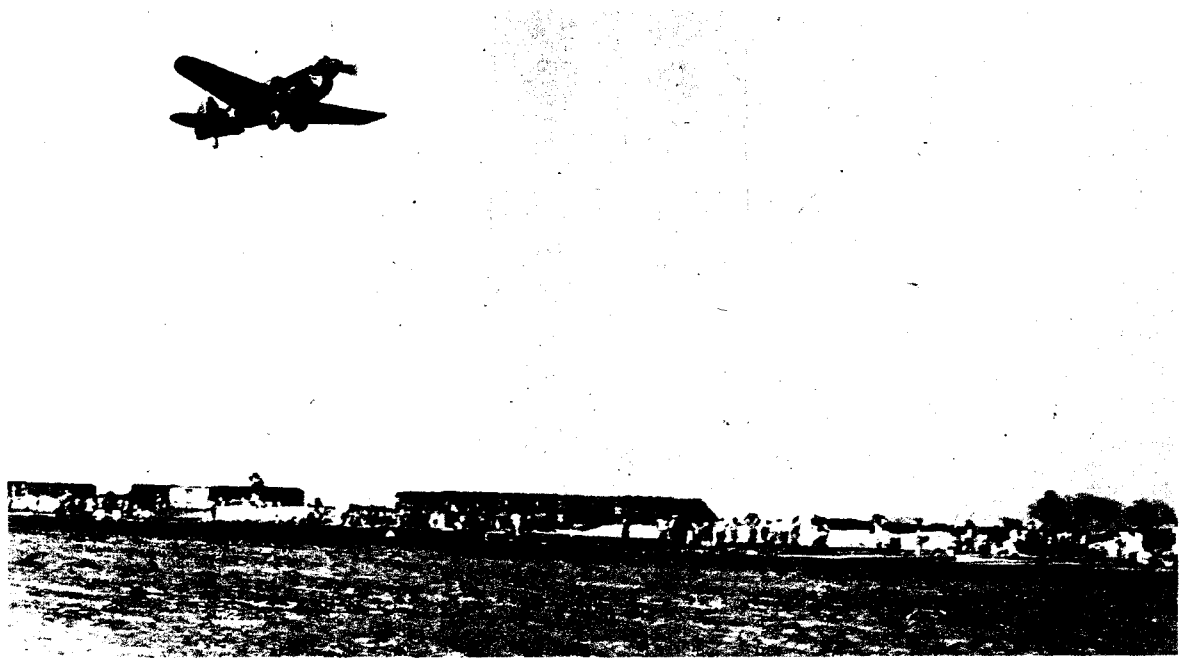
The last time the Japs came to retaliate, the Dragons did an awful job on them. Forty-six enemy bombers, fighters and observation planes swooped out of the mountains in daylight to hit the U. S. base and only nine were seen returning to Burma. The exact number of enemy losses was hard to determine because the dog fights covered a 3,000-square-mile area, and our searching parties are still hunting for crashed Jap ships in the mountainous jungle land. So far, eight bombers and six fighters have been confirmed and 14 others listed as probables.

The total American damage was one bullet hole in the wing of a Dragon ship. After the Japs were beaten off, the Dragons landed for refueling and bombs and took off immediately on a scheduled offensive mission in Burma.

The Dragons are always getting mixed up in incredible stunts. Like the time Lt. Melvin Kimball of Durham, N. H., from Chennault's 14th Air Force, made a belly landing in Burma after his engine conked off during a flight from China to India. Kimball thought he was in India. He walked innocently into the nearest town and right up to the military headquarters. But nobody happened to be around at the moment, not even the CQ.

So Kimball headed back to his plane and, as he reached it, soldiers hidden in the surrounding woods opened fire on him. He grabbed his .45 and fired back at them, still thinking he was in India and wondering what the hell all the shooting was about. Just then he noticed bomb craters around him and realized where he was—in the middle of a well-populated Japanese advance base.

While Kimball emptied his automatic, an Assam Dragon P-40 appeared overhead. It was Capt. Charles H. Colwell of Park River, N. Dak., coming home from a strafing mission with five bullets in his plane. Colwell dropped down and looked the situation over. Immediately he radioed the Dragon headquarters.



An Assam Dragon on the prowl. This P-40, with the insignia painted on, heads for Jap bases in Burma.

Sgt. Floyd Ellison (left), mechanic, and Pvt. Harry Maron, machinist, get one of squadron's P-40s ready.

"Keep Japs away from grounded plane and pilot until reinforcements arrive," headquarters told him.

Four Dragons rushed to the spot and relieved Colwell, who was running out of gas. Then four more came up and joined the party. They took turns diving down on the Jap troops and beating them away from Kimball, who was helpless now with all his ammunition gone. The Japs poured 30 bullets into his plane but luckily they didn't hit him.

Meanwhile, back at the Assam Dragon base, Lt. Sussky volunteered to attempt a rescue in a PT-17 trainer. When he arrived at the scene, the other Dragons were still strafing the Japs and keeping them from closing in on Kimball. In the midst of this battle, which looked like Custer's Last Stand, Sussky brought his training ship down safely in a small clearing in the thick jungle, pitted with the mud holes of water buffalo and rutted with elephant tracks.

While the Japs still fired on them from ambush, Sussky and Kimball worked frantically to get the PT-17 off the ground. Eight times they tried a take-off and eight times they failed. After every attempt, they ran across the clearing, dodging bullets, and chopped down trees and stumps to make the runway longer.

By this time it was beginning to get dark. They knew that if they didn't hoist the ship into the air before dusk they were lost. The P-40s overhead were already having a hard job trying to see the Jap soldiers in the gathering shadows and, when darkness came, it would be easy for the enemy to close in and take them.

Finally, on the ninth attempt, the PT-17 arose clumsily into the air and soared away to safety across the tops of the jungle trees. The P-40s escorted her home and then returned and blasted Kimball's plane to bits so the Japs couldn't use it.

"Our group A-2 officer here is Lt. Col. Harold Buckley, who used to be a Hollywood script writer," Valerio said. "Somebody asked him if Sussky's rescue stunt wouldn't make a good movie story. The colonel said the public would not believe it. He said they'd say Hollywood was picturing the impossible again."

The squadron commander, Maj. Paul C. Droz of Salt Lake City, Utah, has also rescued three U. S. flyers from the Burma jungles. Using a PT-17, he dropped into a box-like canyon and picked up Lt. Cecil Williams and Cpl. Matthew Campanella who had been lost 23 days after parachuting from a plane flying "The Hump." Two weeks later, Maj. Droz did a repeat performance for the benefit of Lt. William A. Wendt who had bailed out near Jap territory en route home from a strafing mission.

AFTER lunch, the Dragons flew in from the morning Jap hunt in Burma and Lt. Jack Irwin of Phoenix, Ariz., gave us the score—three direct hits on Jap barracks, which were burning fiercely when the Dragons left, and probably heavy Jap casualties from fragmentary bombs and strafings.

"We really gave them a work-out," Irwin said. "Almost as good as when we caught that truck convoy flat-footed near Myitkyina last week. They say that the Japs had to bring up eight additional trucks to carry away the casualties when the smoke cleared."

Sussky, a beetled-browed youngster who joined the Air Force after his graduation from Arkansas Tech in 1940, hung up the phone and turned to the other Dragons.

"We got some more work this afternoon, fellows," he said. "A patrol mission over near Taungzup to look for troop movements and truck convoys. Carry the same load as this morning." He pointed to Lt. Bob Bixby of Helena, Mont., and Lt. Don P. Taylor of Los Angeles, Calif. "Everybody goes but you two," he added. "You fly cover for the transport that drops food for those Kachin troops in the hills."

"Will we get back in time to see 'Wake Island' over at headquarters tonight?" Irwin asked.

"Think so," Sussky said. "Just to make sure, phone and ask them to hold it up until we get back. I want to see that picture myself."

A few minutes later the dragon-nosed planes lifted their tails and headed again toward the mountains on the Burma border. The Yanks were off with their Assam Dragon.

There is no connection between the reading and the sound of that last sentence. If you don't believe it, ask the Japs.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

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A Story of American Courage

They swam ashore a few months ago without clothes or equipment. Now they're all ready to face the Jap.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—A few months ago there was an outfit down here which seemed hopelessly incapable of surviving, much less fighting. Today it is a fully equipped fighting unit, well schooled in the theory of jungle battle.

The men came ashore with only the clothes they happened to be wearing; they brought nothing else. The soldiers, mostly National Guardsmen, were survivors of the *SS President Coolidge*, sunk after striking two mines within 100 yards of shore on the morning of Oct. 26, 1942, as she steamed into anchorage after crossing from the States without escort. The former luxury liner ground against an underwater ledge, listed and slowly slid into the sea. In 40 minutes she was gone. Two lives were lost.

At "abandon ship" the men, who had received amphibious training, went over the side into oil-coated water. Some swam ashore and others swung off the ladders into Higgins boats, barges and any other kind of craft that could get alongside. The troops in the boats were the lucky ones. An estimated 60 percent of the outfit landed with oil-ruined clothing and oil-ruined watches and wallets.

They tell a story of two privates who were swimming side by side.

"Say," said one to the other, "you've got a necktie on."

"Yeah," the other guy grinned, "and my leggings too."

They swam on for a moment and the grin faded.

"My God, I'm outta uniform!"

The sinking of the *Coolidge* occurred when the Battle for Guadalcanal was at its height. The men knew the protection of the vital island base was in their hands. If the Japs made an all-out attack—!

Col. James A. Lewis, CO of the outfit, and Brig. Gen. William I. Rose, island commander, stood waist-deep in water when they met. The weary colonel made an effort at attention:

"Sir, Col. Lewis, commanding, reports for duty."

The general returned the salute and, with a half-smile, replied:

"Go back and do it right."

Soaked soldiers huddled on the beach, drawn together as men always are by a great shock, and wondered.

The first men ashore were posted as guides to assemble the others by units. Transportation from all over the island was mobilized to take care of the situation. The soldiers with oil in their hair and eyes and all over their bodies were sent to the hospital to be cleaned off.

Most of the oil- and water-soaked khakis worn ashore were ruined. Marines, sailors and a handful of soldiers already on the island literally gave the shirts off their backs, and every item of clothing in storage, regardless of the service to which it belonged, was issued to the survivors.

The men from the *Coolidge* put on the strange combinations and laughed at one another. These clothes were to be their only uniforms for a long time to come.

Food and the equipment to cook it were in the hold of the sunken ship, and the survivors had to be parceled out to units already stationed on the island. It was short rations for all, and there was even a scarcity of stoves to cook such food as could be had. But the men were fed. They had a hot meal before they bedded down in the jungle the first night.

That night the troops, exhausted and stunned by the tragedy, slept in the mud, without shelter. Not everybody had clothes; few had rifles; the unit itself had nothing. Its equipment and supplies, said to have been the most complete ever sent overseas, were in 40 fathoms of water.

"But the men were fed. They had a hot meal before they bedded down in the jungle the first night."

It rained during the men's first night in the combat zone, and for two nights following. Few things are more uncomfortable than darkness and rain in the jungle, even for troops with GI equipment. These men, new to the rain, new to the jungle, new to everything which confronts soldiers in the tropics, were destitute.

But after the first two nights there was no more sleeping unprotected in the rain. All over the island troops doubled up to release canvas for the stranded unit. The survivors improvised as best they could. They made beds of palm fronds and branches of trees. They made lean-to shelters and shacks. They strung vines as clotheslines. They took the things others gave them and made them serve double and triple purposes.

Gas trucks were converted to water carriers, but it was impossible to remove completely the taint of gasoline.

"We could tell whether those trucks had carried regular gas or 100 octane," the men say.

They had no transportation of their own, so a general reallocation was made so that the unit could begin to function. Within a week they

Yanks at Home Abroad

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received rifles to replace the weapons lost, and then they helped take over the defense of the island. They manned outposts and established sector defenses.

Field artillerymen were converted temporarily into coast artillerymen. They learned to operate the coast defenses and the antiaircraft. A shipment of 155s, which had been consigned to another area, was recalled and given to the men whose guns were under water.

Such secondary but important things as toilet articles were still missing, and there was no PX to furnish them. The men were ordered to stay clean shaven, although in one company of beard-sprouting soldiers there were only four razors. Nevertheless the men shaved.

One man made a safety razor from two tin cans, bending the metal to hold half a double-edged blade. It worked until the Red Cross provided a more conventional replacement. Gradually the men obtained the things they needed.

The training program for the *Coolidge's* men began almost immediately. Substitution of sticks for machine guns a la pre-war maneuvers was avoided. The men were trained in reconnaissance until they got weapons; then they took up jungle tactics. As more equipment arrived, the training program broadened. There was always something to do. By the middle of December the men were almost ready to go.

A week before Christmas I saw the outfit put on an amateur show in the jungle. A band played with borrowed instruments. Two soldiers, with a contraption made of burlap, did a talking horse act. The MC, wearing a sailor's cap and blue Navy dungaree pants, took cracks at the audience.

By watching the men it was impossible to tell they had come through an experience which might have broken troops with less sense of humor. They sat on the ground, laughing at the jokes and listening to the music. They were still wearing a hodgepodge of uniforms, some outfitted entirely in the garb of other services. They looked like sailors or marines, not soldiers.

On a Sunday morning men stood in the mud and listened as the band played carols. It had rained the night before and the jungle was moist and hot and steaming, and the moisture had its effect on the instruments. But the band played and the men sang.

"Silent night, holy night—."

It wasn't much like the old spit and polish days. But it was the Sunday before Christmas.

"O come, all ye faithful; joyful and triumphant—."

The words came back slowly, but the music was familiar. It's a long way from Bethlehem to the South Pacific. It made a lump rise in your throat to stand and hear them, the men of the *Coolidge*.

Finally they reached the end of a 16-week program in jungle training, with full equipment.

The men from the *Coolidge* were ready.

Natives work on an important building, the PX.

Pvt. Dick Vaus helps out SS shows with his guitar.

Special Services Men at the Persian Gulf Run Shows, Movies, Books and Fever

PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND—The average Special Service man has to be a combination bookkeeper, carpenter, electrician, musician, librarian, certified public accountant, mechanic, artist and motion picture projectionist.

To scattered installations here in Iran they do their best to bring entertainment of every variety. They organize stage shows, set up rec halls, circulate reading matter, run PXs, hand out athletic equipment and show movies.

Take the stage shows. In this unit, they're the baby of Cpl. Bob Crosson, a graduate of Colorado State from Denver. Cpl. Crosson also has general charge of the rec hall, a long mud and brick building which has been converted into an amusement center by the installation of a radio, a phonograph, some books, games, card and writing tables, and cartoons for wall decoration.

Some shows are put on in the rec hall, others in the field—in mess halls when available. Sometimes Crosson's shows are masterminded by himself and Sgt. Grady Whittle, a Lyford (Tex.) musician who handles the musical side. Crosson will supply skits, blackouts and players. Whittle will dig up an orchestra by using local talent like Pfc. Werner Erikson, late of Glenn Henry's resort band at Sun Valley, Idaho, and song and guitar man Pvt. Dick Vaus of the Engineers, who used to croon cowboy melodies with his own Texas Playboys over station WBZA in Boston.

In the rec hall, Cpl. Les Bureman, a carpenter from Buckner, Mo., is radio technician and fiddles with the dials for morning, afternoon and evening news from BBC. Cpl. Crosson takes down the most important news flashes for a typewritten bulletin which goes, via carbon copies, to unit bulletin boards.

One end of the rec hall houses the library. It has the full stock of books issued to every SS unit and, in addition, a flock of volumes donated to the Army by the New Jersey State Library. There are some 2,000 books in all, and they circulate at the rate of over 50 a day.

All of this is under the supervision of Cpl. Richard Denser, who was a librarian in San Francisco for five years before going in the Army. His duties aren't merely sitting at a desk and checking books in and out. His main job is to operate a traveling library that takes books to small units in the field.

The PX, functioning at last with real American supplies in another mud and brick building, is also a Special Service function here. It's under the wing of Cpl. Bob Schulz, once a free-lance photographer in Cincinnati, Ohio. His interest in the PX is more than that of chief cook and

GIs in Alaska Have Their Own "Sun Valley" and Champion Skiers

ALASKA—GIs do all right up here at their "Sun Valley of the Arctic," complete with ski lodge, ski tow and unexcelled ski slopes.

The lodge has one of the most modern snack bars north of Puget Sound. The specialty, reindeerburger, is juicy and tasty—just like the "Wimpies" of yore. The lodge is a non-profit enterprise and no item sells for more than a dime. Supplies and water are brought in by dog teams.

The 1,300-foot tow operates seven days a week. Cpl. Jack Yokel of Jackson Hole, Wyo., the ski instructor, conducts classes daily on the open slopes of the Ski Bowl.

Recently, two five-man teams flew to the Interior Alaska Ski Meet, and walked off with first and third places. Cpl. Yokel and Pfc. Bob Kruse won first and second places respectively in the individual combined four events (downhill, slalom, jumping and cross-country). Other members who won individual trophies and awards were Sgt. Gus Holm, T/4 Dean Williams and Miss (we repeat Miss) Louise Roloff.

Miss Roloff of the American Red Cross, outstanding in the slalom, is probably the only woman ever to operate as a member of an Army sports team.

The Winter Carnival started off here with a gala dance and coronation of the Carnival Queen. Sports events included skiing, snowshoeing and dog racing. In all, 28 trophies, cups and medals were awarded at a radio presentation following the meet.

Class A winners were Cpl. Yokel, cross-country; Sgt. Holm, jumping; T/4 Williams, slalom; Pfc. Kruse, downhill; Cpl. Yokel, all-around champ.

Class B winners were Pvt. Floyd Wheeler, cross-country; Pfc. Lloyd Marti, jumping; Pvt. Dick Babson, slalom; Sgt. Verl Statsman, downhill; Sgt. Statsman, all-around champ.

Miss Roloff, competing in the women's class on the Class B course, beat the men's time on the slalom runs and won her division handily.

Under the direction of Capt. John K. Hayes, assisted by Sgt. Lyle Q. Gunderson, Cpl. Jack Yokel and Pfc. Samuel L. Butler, the "Sun Valley of the Arctic" enterprise is doing a land-office business.

—YANK Field Correspondent

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bottle washer, for he helped build it, putting up makeshift shelves with such odds and ends of wood as could be bummed in that area, creating counters from rough timber and native matting.

Now his PX has soap and shaving cream, U. S. cigarettes and candy bars, shoe laces, stationery and fountain pens. Small things, but luxuries here. What's still better, the place is even beginning to smell like a PX.

Sgt. Bill Keegan, who used to work for the Physical Education Department of the New York City Board of Education, is top man on the athletic side. His job is building athletic fields and distributing sports equipment.

The movie section, under Sgt. Bob Williams of Wakita, Okla., puts on one or two shows a week at the main camp and then dashes by truck to other smaller camps.

All these activities don't cover completely the work of an SS unit in the field. A major SS job is supplying basic entertainment kits to other units. One kit contains athletic equipment, another contains a radio, a phonograph, books and games. The "A" or athletic kit is distributed in a ratio of 12 kits to every 1,000 men. The "B" kit goes one to every 126 men. SS not only distributes these kits but services them as well.

SS men, themselves, have but one gripe. This is directed against YANK, The Army Weekly, which on the cover of an issue last August showed four GIs lugging a crated piano across a rugged terrain.

"It can't be done," SS men mutter. "They musta posed them stupes with an empty piano case. It ain't fair. People see that YANK and then expect us to skip all over the country with a piano on our backs. When we have to rassle up a crew of six men to lug it onto a truck, they think we're sissies. It ain't fair!"

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

It May Be Gruesome, But the Captain Has a Way To Get Rid of Office Pests

CAIRO—Visitors to the office of Capt. Sanford Greenwald, CO of the U. S. Middle East Air Forces photographers, are inclined to stand away from his desk when they spot the human skull which adorns it. When the eyes of the skull light up and wink, said visitors are inclined to leave the room.

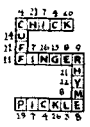
For Capt. Greenwald has stuck two flashlight bulbs into the eye sockets and run a concealed wire to a foot switch.

The skull was picked up, bleached and with a bullet hole through the forehead, on a Western Desert battlefield.

—YANK Field Correspondent

TEE-TOTAL

PRIZES are given to the GIs who submit the highest Tee-Total scores in each contest. If you haven't tried this word game, get started now. It's lots of fun and besides, you may win one of YANK's big Puzzle Kits.

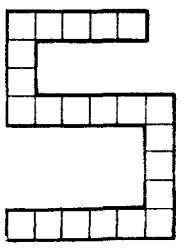


Here's how: Simply fill the diagram with five good English words. No proper nouns. Then total up the individual scores of the 22 letters used, giving each letter its numerical value as shown on the chart below. The idea is to use letters of high value.

A sample work-out is shown here at the left with a score of 269. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A	— 6	N	— 16
B	— 25	O	— 18
C	— 4	P	— 19
D	— 20	Q	— 12
E	— 8	R	— 9
F	— 11	S	— 5
G	— 13	T	— 1
H	— 21	U	— 14
I	— 7	V	— 15
J	— 23	W	— 24
K	— 26	X	— 10
L	— 3	Y	— 22
M	— 8	Z	— 2



Score ..... Submitted by:

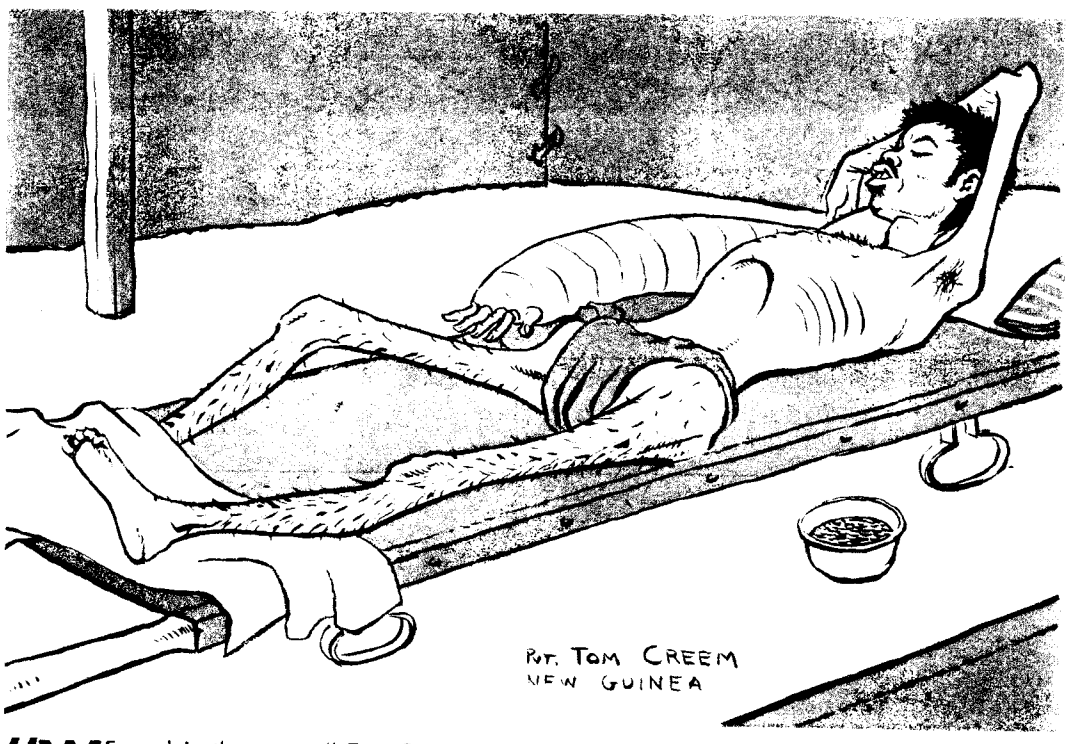
Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue for entries from the U. S., within one month for overseas entries. [5/28]

JAP PRISONERS SKETCHED AT A HOSPITAL IN NEW GUINEA

PVT. TOM CREEM drew these pictures of Jap prisoners at an Australian hospital in New Guinea where they were recovering from malaria, dysentery and starvation, their occupational diseases.

"HERE is a Jap sniper, recovering from dysentery," Pvt. Creem writes. "He has finished with his career among the tree tops. He refuses to believe that Tokyo has been bombed. When I saw him later in his ward, he spoke to me hesitatingly, 'Kind gentleman, please to give cigarette. Prisoners are generally docile, a little blue."

"THIS Jap prisoner, discharged from the hospital," Creem says, "was being taken with a group of other discharged prisoners to a detention camp by an Aussie MP. The Jap was a little shorter than the average Jap, and the MP was a little taller than the average MP. The prisoners seemed interested in what was happening to them but kept dead pans throughout. The MP helped the Japs onto the 'bloody omnibus,' as he called it, and then yelled to the driver, 'She's right, mate. Give her a bloody go.' The last I saw was the Australian Ford truck full of bouncing inscrutability heading towards detention."



"WE read in the papers," Tom Creem says, "*that United Nations Bombers Bomb and Strafe Jap Supply Line in New Guinea. The Jap Offensive Is Stopped.* Left in the wake of the retreat was this 'superior private.' Too weak to talk and barely able to move, being captured gave him his only chance to live. His arm is broken and he has malaria. This one didn't beg cigarettes. He wasn't strong enough to smoke."

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Soldiers fire the ovens of a field bakery deep in the Panamanian jungle. Thousands of loaves of bread are baked here to feed GIs on maneuvers.

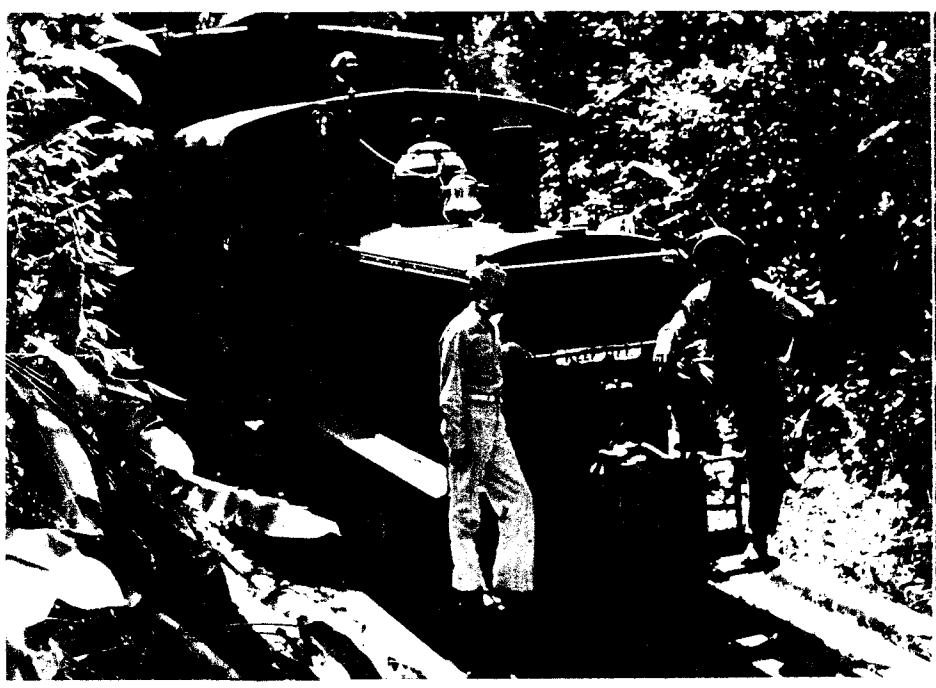
Panama Quartermasters On the Chow Run

THEY NEED A NAVY AND RAILROAD TO DELIVER SUNDAY DINNER

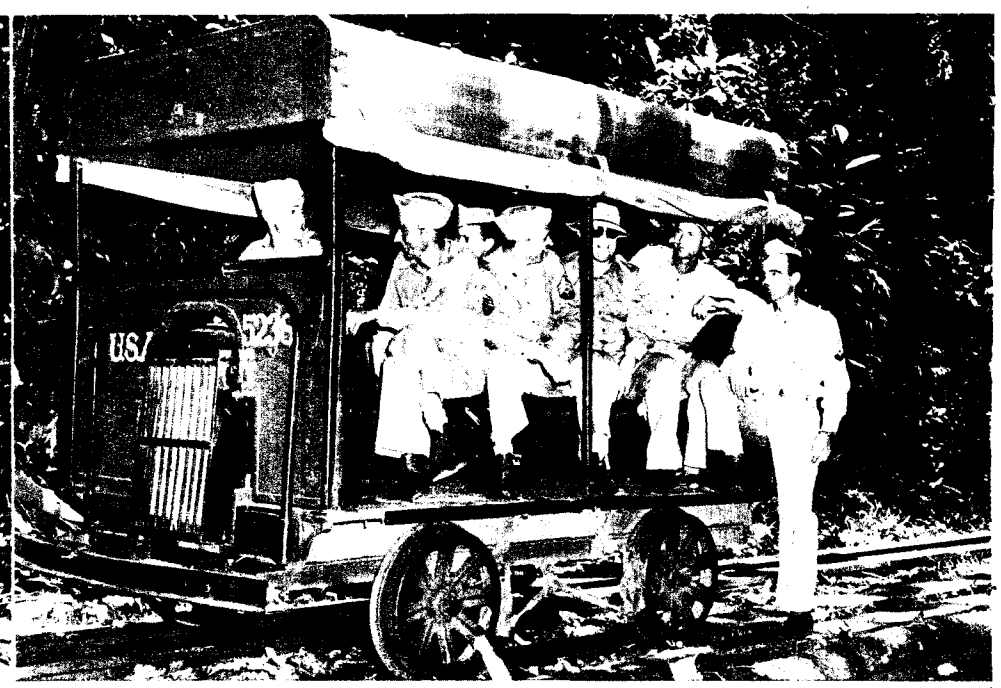
By Sgt. ROBERT G. RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

QUARRY HEIGHTS, PANAMA CANAL ZONE—Chow hounds are one of the Army's biggest problems down here in the jungles of Panama where they have to start planning a chicken dinner in April if they expect to get it on the mess-hall table of an antiaircraft outpost sometime in July.

As a matter of fact, the job of supplying mess sergeants with enough groceries to keep the pots dirty and the KPs busy is so intricate and back-breaking that the Quartermasters here almost



Pfc. Gordon Sexton (left), the conductor, and Cpl. Woodrow Gooch, engineer, stand in front of the 18-ton gasoline locomotive which pulls the "Khaki Express" through the jungle to supply outlying Army stations in Panama.



This GI skooter, made from a flat car and a V-8 engine, carries Yanks back and forth from jungle outposts and base camps. Here the skooter, a bouncing vehicle of uncertain moods, has picked up some passengers at a jungle stop.

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had to organize a combat team to distribute their butter, eggs, meat and coffee.

"Just to give you a rough idea, we use a half-dozen kinds of transportation to deliver a meal to the troops in our command all over the Isthmus," says Lt. Col. Henry A. Starrett of Belfast, Maine, who runs this complex organization of GI grocery boys. "No wonder I lie awake nights and my hair falls out."

First of all, the Panama Quartermasters have to give their order to the QM back in the States. That's why they start planning a Sunday dinner three months before it is served. It takes time to get the food placed at the proper ports in the U. S. and then loaded for the journey to Central America, which isn't so speedy in these days of wartime convoy travel in the Caribbean.

The Quartermasters bolster the food shipment from the States with provisions from the Central American countries, brought to Panama by small Army boats. Purchasing officers buy everything available in the local markets, especially coffee, sugar, oranges, lemons and grapefruit. Then they check up and hope they have everything the mess sergeant needs.

"Sometimes there isn't enough and sometimes there's too much," says Lt. Col. Starrett. "It's all in the hands of the gods."

When the food supply is gathered here and then broken down for shipment to various sections of the command, the real problems arise.

Some antiaircraft positions in Panama, for instance, are located on remote islands off the coast or in trackless jungle regions that can be reached only by river boats. In order to get the creamed beef and toast to these kitchens, the QM had to press into service a fleet of coastal banana boats, fishing vessels, pleasure craft and even native dugout canoes.

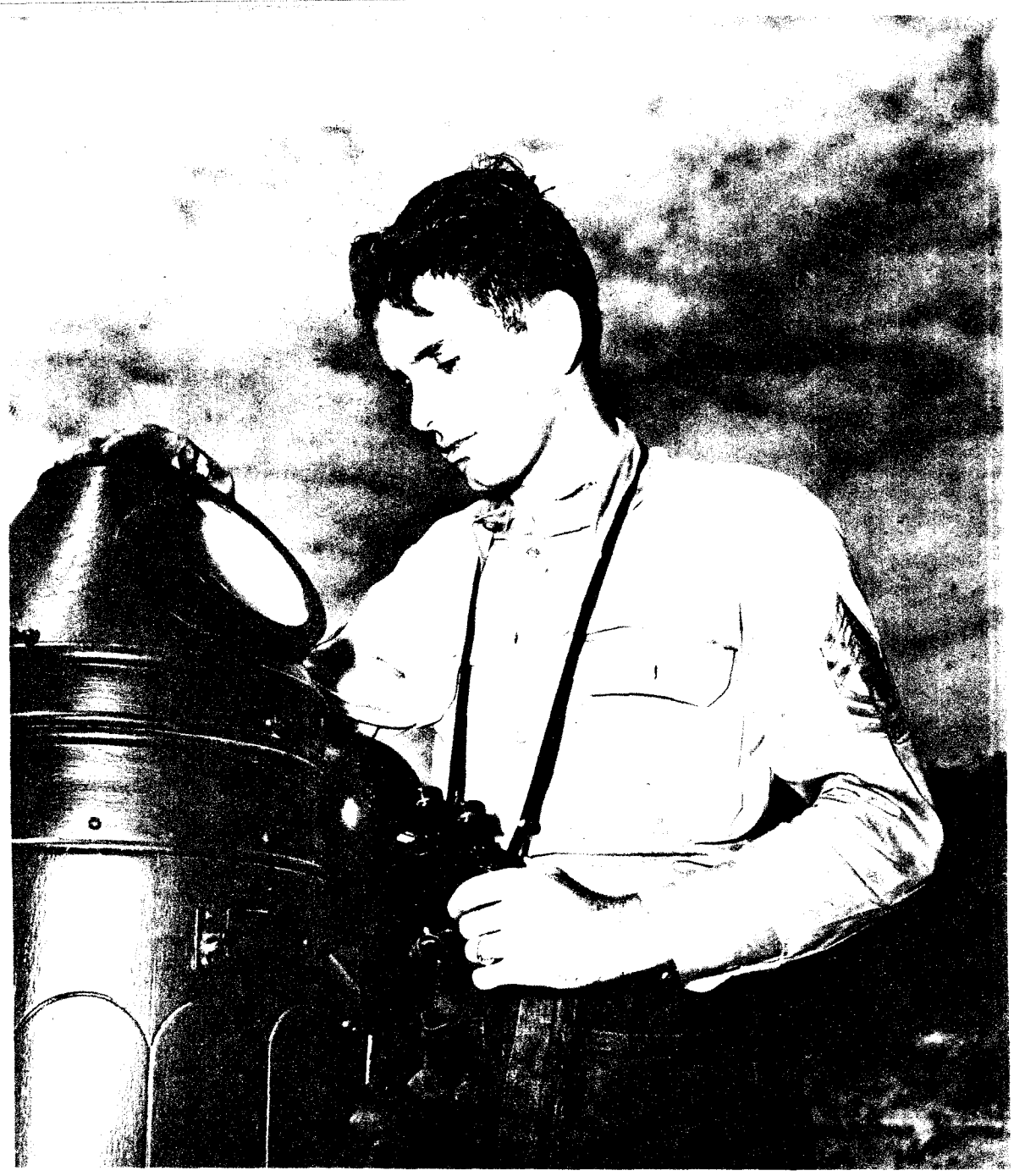
When the QM began to put this ration-carrying navy into operation, they didn't have a lot of experienced seamen in the table of organization to handle the job. Like most quartermaster outfits, this one was composed mainly of truck drivers who didn't know stern from aft and thought starboard was the special privileges a landlady gave to a favorite tenant.

The Army gave these QM soldiers a thorough course in seamanship around the docks and on government boats manned by civilian crews.

Now they are qualified skippers who hold the Canal Zone pilot licenses that are given only to proven students of tropical waters. M/Sgt. Joseph A. Pugarelli of Staten Island, N. Y., is one of those license holders whose nautical experience is strictly GI.

"I belonged to the Cs before I came into the Army," Pugarelli says. "But it wasn't the watery kind. I was in the CCC and we never had ships in that outfit. Down here I got a chance to get on a QM boat and studied every navigation book I could get my hands on. It paid off."

Even the men who had some seagoing experience in civilian life served a strenuous apprenticeship before they got their skipper ratings. M/Sgt. Burton S. Robbins of Port Norris, N. J., helped his brothers operate oyster boats in Delaware Bay before he joined the Army three years ago. But he spent a year and a half in the QM maritime service here before he became the head man on his vessel 12 months ago.



M/Sgt. Burton Robbins Jr. of Port Norris, N. J., skipper of a converted tuna boat, checks compass.

These Army sailors have to know how to maneuver their cargo through tricky currents, rough surf and treacherous snag-strewn rivers where a spill from a small boat would put them next to a flesh-eating fish. But most of them like their jobs.

"It's better than being a landlubber," says Pvt. Donald R. Parks of Cleveland, Ohio. "Not as monotonous as the regular Army duty here."

All the food isn't shipped by boat. The QM also runs its own railroad through the jungles of the Isthmus with the War Department as the sole stockholder and soldiers working as engineers, brakemen and conductors. These railroads carry a tremendous daily load of food, equipment, mail and GIs to defense posts in the interior.

One of the engineers who works an 18-ton gasoline locomotive is Cpl. Woodrow Gooch of Peoria, Ill. He will tell you, between chews of tobacco, that he's been on the job for a year or more now, likes it fine and learned about locomotives in the P. & P.U. switching yards back home.

The railroad also features a sort of open-air jeep called a scooter that is used to transport troops along the tracks. The scooter is a combination of a flat platform mounted on wheels with a slate roof and a V-8 automobile motor, custom-built for jungle use.

Riding one of these scooters is like being on a roller coaster, merry-go-round and bucking bronco all at once. They bounce, sway, rattle the teeth of the passengers and occasionally jump the track completely, requiring the combined heave-ho of the operator and passengers to get back again.

The food that gives the QM its most trouble is bread. It's no cinch to transport bread a long distance in the jungle and keep it fresh and toothsome. Quite often, especially during maneuvers, they have to clear a place in the woods with machetes, put up a tent for protection against the frequent tropical rains and install a field bakery right on the spot.

But with all this planning of menus three months in advance and with all the elaborate transportation methods devised by the QM—some rations are also delivered by plane—there are always a few PFCs who claim the food stinks because they haven't enough maple syrup.

That doesn't bother the QM steamboat skippers and railroad engineers. When soldiers start hollering for syrup, it shows, at least, that they have plenty of hot cakes in their mess kits.

This QM launch travels up a jungle river carrying supplies to remote areas. The Yank at the stern has his hand on some boxes of foodstuffs which are part of the cargo. The launch is just one of the fleet of tugs, tuna boats and vessels of all types which keep the supplies coming.

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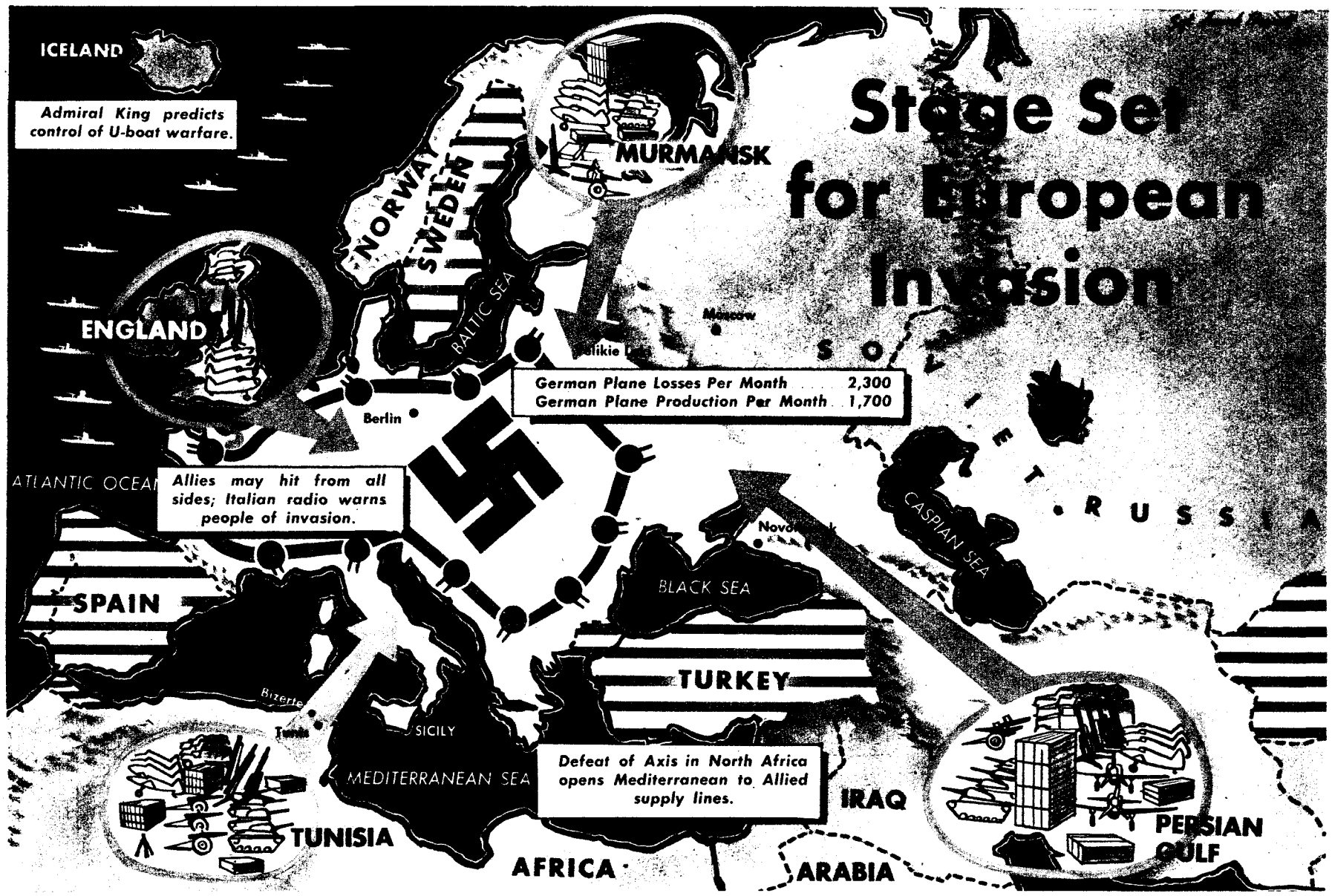

Six months after the Allied forces landed at Casablanca, Oran and Algiers to start the North African campaign, Tunis and Bizerte were wrested from the hands of the enemy.

Pessimists who had been criticizing the war effort, charging mistakes in Allied strategy, alleging disunity and non-cooperation among the Allied fighting forces, were effectively silenced.

Crack German troops of the Grenadier and Elite Guards and Marshal Rommel's famed Afrika Korps were crowded in disorganized units on the tip of Cap Bon. The job remaining was to destroy the 150,000 enemy troops who were cut off in pockets between Bizerte and the sea, between Bizerte and Tunis, and on the Cap Bon Peninsula.

The Allied forces began the mop-up by pushing relentlessly ahead, hitting the demoralized Axis troops with the heaviest air and artillery barrages any war had yet seen. By the end of the week Axis losses since November totalled over 123,000 dead, wounded and captured. Great numbers of the enemy drove back to the Allied lines in armored vehicles to give themselves up.

But the fall of North Africa was more than a victorious military campaign. It was a forecast of things to come. The eyes of the United Nations turned to continental Europe and Hitler's European Fortress.

The time for the long-awaited invasion of German-dominated Europe had almost arrived. When and where it would take place was a closely guarded secret, but there were many indications that the United Nations were set for the big moment.

In Washington, Elmer Davis, director of the OWI, said there was "no question but that there will be Allied operations on continental Europe this summer."

The Italian radio warned its people to be ready for invasion and told them, if they were defeated, to accept it with dignity.

But there were other even more potent indications that the Allies were set to move.

In spite of Germany's U-boat warfare, war supplies and equipment were getting to their proper places. In Murmansk, U. S. war materials piled up faster than they could be moved. The same situation existed in the Persian Gulf area where a great arsenal of U. S. supplies and equipment was stored. The Allies in North Africa constituted a huge, well-equipped invasion force. And England, after the U. S., was the greatest storehouse of unused men and weapons in the world.

Figures on German production, compiled by British experts, proved that the war of attrition carried out by Allied airmen had been effective. The *Luftwaffe* had lost on the average of 550 planes a week or about 2,300 a month. German factories had been able to produce only about 1,700 operational planes a month.

The U. S. alone turns out 6,200 war planes a month, with the expectation of doubling this figure by the end of the year.

The policy of "engine busting" so successfully carried out by Allied airmen in German-occupied Europe had so crippled Germany's transportation system that locomotive construction was top priority in the Nazi production schedule.

These production figures were particularly significant when coupled with a statement of Admiral Ernest J. King, who is not accustomed to being overly optimistic about Germany's submarine campaign. He said, "The submarine menace . . . is being dealt with. . . . We expect to bring it under control now in four to six months' time."

Meanwhile, news from the Eastern front was encouraging. The Russians announced that they had pushed through the Axis defenses around Novorossisk, inflicting a staggering defeat on the enemy forces, and had approached to within nine miles of that strategic Black Sea port.

So the news was bright for the Allies. The only grim story was an announcement by the War Department of 55,553 American casualties since Dec. 7, 1941. Killed, 5,338; wounded, 11,665; missing, 27,385; prisoners, 11,165.

Devers Commands ETO

LT. GEN. JACOB L. DEVERS, chief of the Armored Force, has taken command of U. S. Army forces in the European Theater of Operations, succeeding the late Lt. Gen. Frank Andrews, who was killed in a recent plane crash in Iceland.

The Army's youngest lieutenant general, Devers commanded the Ninth Division when it was reactivated at Fort Bragg, N. C., in 1940. That division was the first American outfit to enter Bizerte in the climax of the Tunisian campaign. Devers left the Ninth to become commander of the U. S. Armored Force in 1941.

The Allied Headquarters in North Africa has announced that Maj. Gen. Omar N. Bradley succeeded Lt. Gen. George S. Patton as commander of the Second U. S. Army Corps Apr. 16 and directed the American forces in the drive against Bizerte.

Lt. Gen. Devers

Maj. Gen. Bradley

Bradley, an infantry expert, assumed command when the American forces were transferred from the rocky regions of the south, where armored force tactics were essential, to the mountains of the north where infantry methods were more vital.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

CARD SHARPS WORK IN TEAMS

John Scarne, noted gambling expert, continues his series of exposes of card sharps' methods with an illustrated study of their sign language.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 49
MAY 28, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

A United Nations Victory

SIX months after the American invasion of North Africa, the Battle of Tunisia was won. Bizerte and Tunis were taken from the Axis, and the German and Italian armies, smashed by the greatest concentration of air power in history co-ordinated with a smooth, fast ground attack, were running in panic to the Mediterranean Sea—running, as the Poles ran from Warsaw in 1939, as the French ran from Sedan in 1940.

But let's not make the mistake of calling this an American victory. The men of the U. S. Second Army Corps, toughened and educated in the complicated business of modern mechanized war during the previous campaigns at Maknassy and El Guettar, fought magnificently against the fanatical and desperate Nazis in the hills around Mateur and in the drive to Bizerte. The Americans, however, were only one of the combined United Nations forces that won the Battle of Tunisia.

It was the British Eighth Army in the south that drove the enemy back against the ropes into position for the final knock-out blow. It was the British First Army in the center that did the greatest share of the dirty work in those last few weeks, taking everything the Nazis had to offer and still moving relentlessly into Tunis for the kill. And when the Americans reached Bizerte, the French forces were fighting at their side. Meanwhile Russia engaged the bulk of German strength on another front.

The victory in Tunisia brought joy to the free people of the world because it was a successful first step toward the invasion of Europe and the defeat of Hitler. The victory was also heartwarming because it proved that the United Nations can fight together on one battle front with perfect harmony and efficiency. It was no accident, for instance, that the American and French forces entered Bizerte within five minutes of the time that the British swept into Tunis.

That was United Nations teamwork—the kind of teamwork that's going to raise hell with the Nazis in the invasion of Europe.

Radar

THE WD has finally released the inside dope on radar, one of the most important United Nations inventions of the war. Radar, which stands for radio detecting and ranging, is a method which enables us to detect the approach, distance and location of enemy ships and planes. Here's how it works: Radio waves are shot into the air in all directions. When they hit a plane or ship they bounce back, like an echo. Instruments then measure the time it took the waves to go out and come back, thus giving the distance and location of the ship or plane. Radar helped the British smash the *Luftwaffe* blitzes in '40 and '41.

Overseas Barracks Bag

A new type of barracks bags for dogfaces going overseas has been developed by the QMC. The new bag is OD, about a third larger than the old type, and will replace the two barracks bags now issued. It features a 2-inch strap which enables it to be carried like a golf bag.

Judge Advocate OCS

There's a new OCS—the Judge Advocate School. Requirements call for a minimum age limit of 28 and a law degree from an approved university. EM with four or more years of law practice will get preference. The first class starts in June at the University of Michigan.

Rescue Aids

The Army Air Forces have developed a portable hand-generator radio transmitter to aid in the rescue of flyers who have crashed in the open sea. The transmitter has an antenna that can be held aloft from a life raft by a box kite. These radio sets will be standard equipment for aircraft that carry life rafts. . . . As another aid to ship survivors adrift at sea, the Navy has issued a new waterproof and weatherproof pilot chart. It can be rolled into a tight ball or spread out smoothly, can even be used for catching rain water or as a protection against the sun. Copies will be placed on all Navy lifeboats and life rafts.

GI Shop Talk

Because of a shortage of OD paint, many jeeps in England are painted pink. . . . The WD has ruled that officers can't wear their blue dress uniforms for the duration plus. . . . GIs in North Africa, where the malaria season has started, must take four atrabine pills a week, have all been issued anti-mosquito ointment, and have been warned to sleep, wherever possible, under mosquito bars. . . . The QMC has bought 26 million concentrated maple syrup pills. Each pill's the size of an aspirin and will make two pints of maple syrup when water is added, claims the QMC. . . . The Servicemen's Service, 640 Madison Ave., N. Y., will buy and send anything from pins to grand pianos for GIs stationed anywhere. Just write them what you want and where to send it, and enclose a money order if you're flush or COD instructions if you're broke. No charge for the service.

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Items That Require No Editorial Comment

For Boy Scouts Only

An order from post HQ of the Atlantic City (N. J.) Air Force Training Center prohibits dogfaces stationed there from singing the following eight songs: "Roll Out the Barrel," "When the War Is Over," "Around Her Neck," "Oh, How My Feet Hurt," "I've Been Working On the Railroad," "The Moron Song," "How Dry I Am" and "Parlez-Vous." These songs, said the order, might be interpreted as slurs on women and the courage of soldiers, or as drinking songs.

100 Percent Aryan Blood

Wounded Nazi prisoners at a British hospital base in North Africa refuse to take blood transfusions unless they are guaranteed that they are getting 100 percent Aryan blood injected in their Aryan veins. They want to be certain that they remain pure members of the "*herrenvolk*" or master race when they get to Germany.

"A Real Revelation"

Alan de Bertois, the Vichy broadcaster who stooges for the Nazis, recently gave the French people some "earnest advice." "Our conqueror has asked us to collaborate by sending our workers to jobs in the Reich. I assure you that when they come in contact with Germany they will find a real revelation." Several days later a dispatch from Switzerland said that "thousands of food parcels must now be sent from France to French workers in Germany, who receive very meager rations in the workers' canteens."

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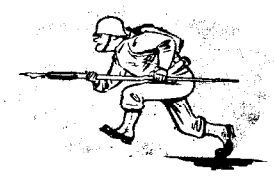

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Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

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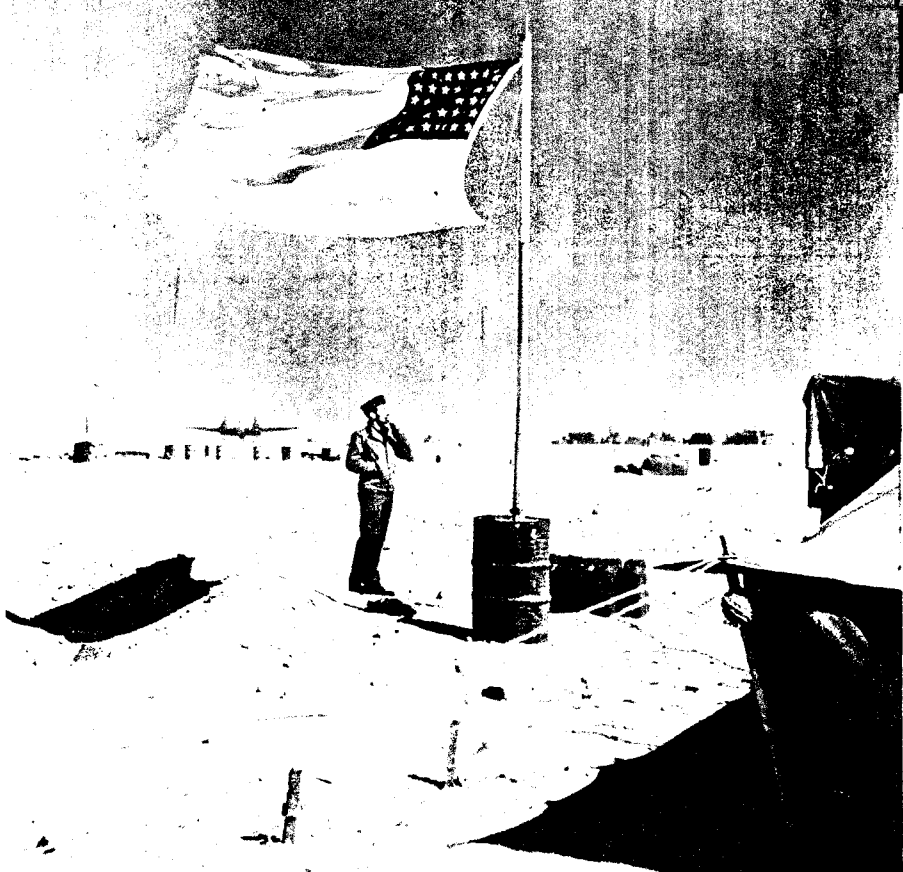
AT AN ADVANCED AIRFIELD, WELCOME MAIL IS STACKED FOR TROOPS.

ANOTHER PHOTO REPORT FROM YANK'S SGT. PETE PARIS



PLANTED IN AN OIL DRUM, OLD GLORY FLIES OVER A DESERT AIRFIELD.

MOVING UP FORWARD. YANK AT LEFT TOTES NEW WEAPON, A BAZOOKA.

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U.S. INFANTRY UNITS PASS THROUGH A TOWN WHICH HAD BEEN TORN UP BY HEAVY ARTILLERY FIRE. THE ENEMY HAD EVACUATED TWO HOURS PREVIOUSLY.

ARABS WORKING AT AN AIRFIELD NEAR THE FRONT WEAR SPECIAL UNIFORMS.

FIRST TO ENTER A TUNISIAN TOWN, THESE YANKS SEARCH HOUSES.

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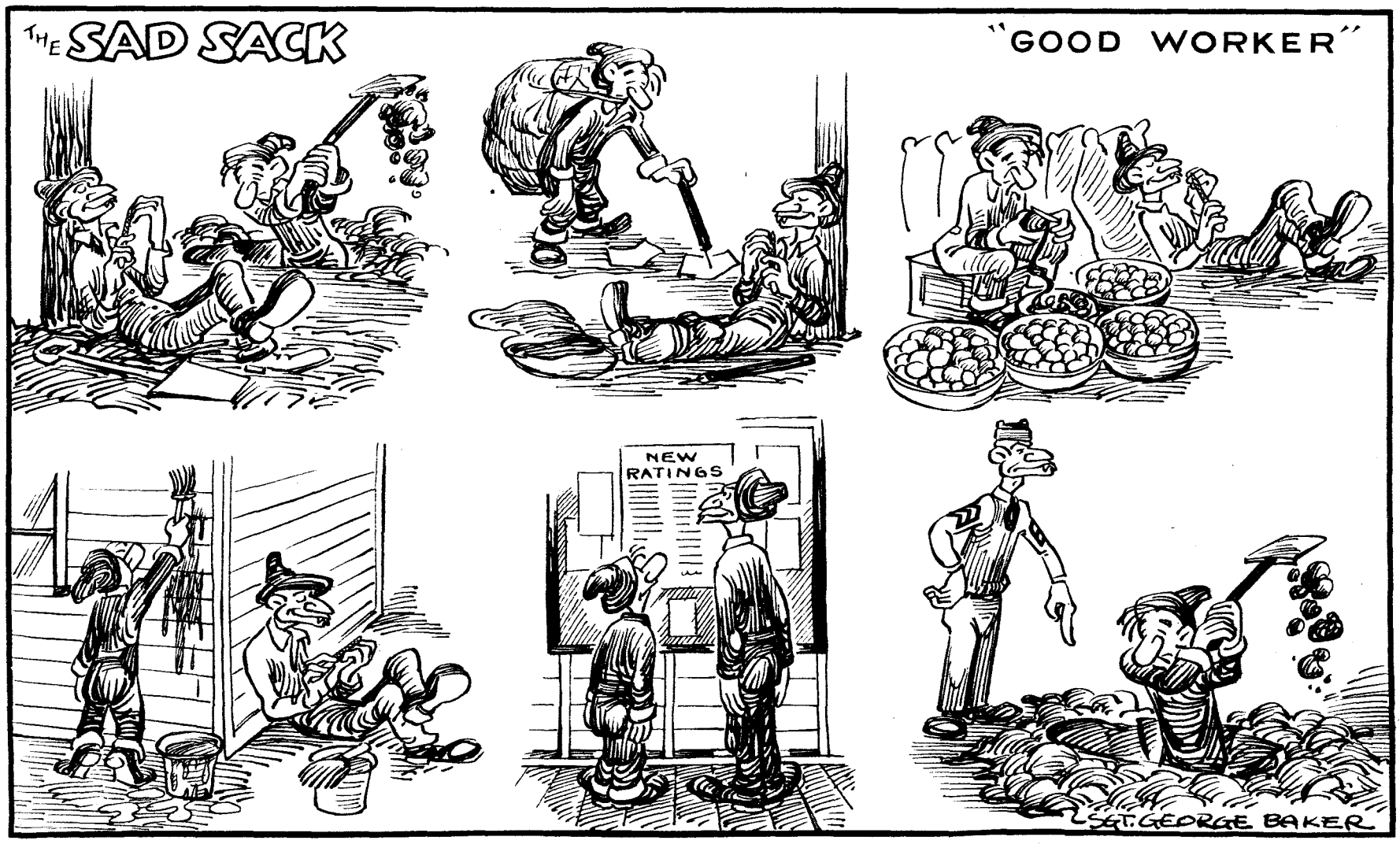


CPL. DOYLE IS TO AFRICA COME!

Oh, sound the trumpet and beat the drum!
Cpl. Doyle is to Africa come!
To Africa come in enormous force
To alter the global battle's course.
Already the dastard foemen fly;
We'll all be home the Fourth of July.

Oh, clash the cymbals, sound the tabor!
For Cpl. Doyle, his gun and saber,
His tanks and artillery (self-propelled),
With which the enemy shall be quelled.
Already in dread the Nazi blenches;
By Christmas we'll be out of the trenches.

Oh, smite the zither, rattle the goard!
Cpl. Doyle's in *Afrique du Nord!*
Now for a speedy end to the war;
Summon a hearse for the Afrika Korps,
For here comes the guy the enemy fears—
The paragon of the Engineers.
So smite the zither, rattle the goard!
Cpl. Doyle's in *Afrique du Nord!*

—Cpl. JOHN J. DOYLE

North Africa

ALLOTMENT

What is this thing called allotment?
It is making a wreck out of me.
I get 50 a month and my rations,
But rations is all that I see.

Class A for the bonds of freedom,
Class F for mother and dad,
Class N for my insurance
Always keep me in the red.

It's all very good, they tell me;
My deductions are made on time,
And all are for a worthy cause—
But, brother, can you spare a dime?

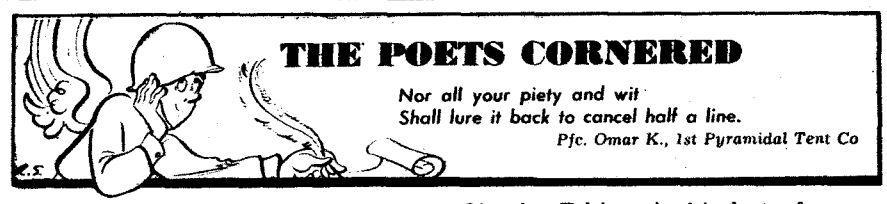
—SIDNEY S. SIEGEL

LINES TO THE CREATOR OF THE FATIGUE HAT

Nerts to you, GI modiste,
Be you living or deceased,
Who contrived this grotesque lid,
Under which my charms are hid,
Wearing which my wolfish glance
Would kindle laughter, not romance.

—Pvt. W. L. WOODHOUSE, CA

Seattle, Wash.

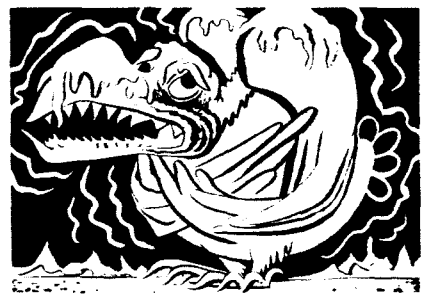


THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co

THE KEE BIRD

Oh, I've heard the squeal of the trolley's wheel
When the brakes were applied too fast,
And the fright'ning scream that is made by steam
Of the locomotive's shrill blast.
I know of the fright that comes in the night
When lions and tigers roar,
But I'll ne'er forget and always regret
The cry of those birds that soar
O'er the Arctic ice. Oh, it isn't nice
To remember those cries that I've heard,
So, listen, and well, to the story I tell
Of that terrifying Kee Bird.



This bird is as big as a full-grown pig
With wings as wide as this—
His neck is as long as his beak is strong,
And his talons never miss
When catching a seal for his daily meal
(For he eats but once a day).
It's a horrible sight to see him at night
Lying in wait for his prey,
But strong men quiver, animals shiver,
At his raucous cry, so bold,
For he seems to say in his Kee Bird way,
"Kee-Kee-Keerist, but it's cold!"

Oh, the Eskimo in his hut of snow
And the huskies in their den
Will quickly awake and begin to shake
At this terrible nightly omen.
The Mounted Police will suddenly cease
Their travels through the dark
And stare at the sky with shuddering eye
For this bird that isn't a lark.
Each man at this base will conceal his face
'Neath his covers, quite shameless, I'm told,
When this bird on high does utter his cry,
"Kee-Kee Keerist, but it's cold!".

Some day, I'll be home, ne'er again to roam
Away from that land to the South.
I'll live where it's warm and frost doesn't form
On the whiskers around my mouth.
I'll go to my bed and there rest my head
Close in my loved one's arms.
There'll be peace and rest; I'll be one blest,
Content with connubial charms.
But, sure as I dream, I'll wake with a scream
Recalling those nights of old,
When that —— —— bird could always be heard,
"Kee-Kee-Keerist, but its cold!".

—A/C WARREN M. KNISKERN

Baffin Islands, Canada

CLASSIFICATION

They said to Jim, "Say, can you type?"
He said, "I can—what luck!"
He's covered now with axle grease
And runs a two-ton truck.

They said to Joe, "What did you do?"
He said, "I drove a truck."
They put him at an Underwood
And made him squadron cluck.

—Cpl. STANLY FERBER

England

THE FIGHTING SEABEES

We work like hell, we fight like hell
And always come back for more:
The Navy's advance base engineers
On many a foreign shore.

On half the lousy islands
From here to Timbuctu,
You'll find a hive of Seabees—
One hell of a fighting crew.

The admiral just dropped around
To chat the other night,
He said, "Now boys, I know you work
But you've also been trained to fight.

"So if there's any trouble, don't stop
To put on your jeans;
Just drop your tools, grab up your guns
And protect those poor marines."

—Author Unknown

Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va.

RANK INJUSTICE

My brother is a captain
In the Field Artillery.
My roommate is an ensign
On a battleship at sea.

My cousin is a major
With the big guns on the coast.
I've a pal who signs the passes
On an eastern Army post.

My friends are all commissioned,
But I never cared before
That I was just a private,
Though I've served a year or more.

But now I'm plenty troubled
And I'm deep in misery.
Last week my girl friend joined the WAACs,
Now she's a PFC.

—RAY GLEASON

Middle East Air Force

CHEMICAL WAR-FAIR

I named her Chloropicric
Because she made me weep,
And was so darn persistent
She lingered for a week.

—S/Sgt. MARK R. CURILOVIC

Fort Hancock, N. Y.

A MAJOR DETAIL

Of all sad words of soldier men,
The saddest are these: KP again.

—Pvt. CHARLES LEHMAN

Lowry Field, Colo.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Kaufman Dmowski Graham McPhillips Biczak Kiebus

Pvt. Maurice J. Kaufman, a Chicago mail clerk, now sends his messages by way of the 3-inch gun he crews in the Aleutians. He hasn't received any mail from Sgt. Harry M. Spellman at Hamilton Field, Calif., for some time, so he says: "I'm okay, Harry. If you are, too, let me know." . . . **Sgt. Joseph Dmowski** is anxious to get in touch with Bascom S. Camper, James E. Emmons and Monroe S. Harris. They should write him at 485th Base Hq. and AB Sq., AAB, Kearney, Nebr. . . . **S/Sgt. Melvin Graham,** acting first sergeant at an Alaskan air base, asks Sgt. Salvatore Santangelo in England to relay his regards to the gang of Class 1-42.

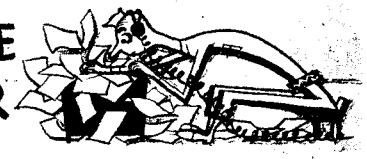
Cpl. Johnny McPhillips, stationed at an advance India air base, sends this message to his brothers, Sgt. Frank and Cpl. Fred McPhillips, who are with an Infantry outfit on Guadalcanal: "We'll be waiting for you guys in Tokyo with a first-hand report on the Geisha girls." . . . **Cpl. Stanley J. Biczak** in Alaska assures Pvt. Connie Juk in Australia: "I'm receiving your letters okay. Keep sending 'em as usual." . . . **Pfc. Michael Kiebus** is home in Hartford, Conn., on an emergency furlough. He spent 31 months in the S. Pacific before returning to the States. To his pal, Harold Cook, he says: "Hope to be back with you some time soon. Save me a seat in old Torchy's place."

Mesenheimer McCulloch Hocz Murphy McHugh Teather

Sgt. Leland E. Mesenheimer of Fresno, Calif., is a photographer for his air base squadron in Alaska. To S/Sgt. Kenneth J. Pedersen of Fresno, now at Drew Field, Fla., he says: "Any time you want to swap places drop me a line. Remember the fishing date we've got coming up." . . . **Dave McCulloch S2c,** 17, is from Pittsburgh, Pa. Off the Solomons he was in action against enemy subs. This is his message to his brother Cpl. Murdock, in the Coast Artillery at Norfolk, Va.: "Glad I saw action before you. Write when you see this in YANK." . . . **Pvt. Andrew Hocz,** on the Alcan Highway, to Pvt. Steve Koster, S.W. Pacific: "Everyone is fine at home. Write more often."

Cpl. Gerald Murphy on the Alcan Highway blows some smoke toward Cpl. Chuck Zynda in Hawaii with the boast: "Wisconsin's boxing team is still unbeatable. They're missing you, though." . . . **Pvt. James McHugh** of Cincinnati, Ohio, would like the address of Cpl. Lou Puthoff, stationed somewhere in Australia. Puthoff can get in touch with McHugh by writing him c/o YANK's Words Across the Sea. . . . **S/Sgt. David A. Teather** of Sausalito, Calif., is now a mess sergeant in his Alaskan air base squadron. He wishes Sgt. Bill Kinzel at Hamilton Field, Calif., would "say hello to the rest of the boys." He adds, "I'd like to see 'em up here any day."

MESSAGE CENTER



The censor won't let us print the full address of individual men overseas. All the messages this week come from men overseas, so if you want to get in touch with a friend mentioned here, address your letter to him c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York, N. Y. We'll forward it.

Cpl. Phineas Behrman is getting the silent treatment from the friends he trained with at Keesler Field, Miss. He asks them to write him c/o YANK's Message Center and not to forget the reunion they planned after the war in New York City. . . . It's been almost a year since **Cpl. Bob Bowie** heard from **Sgt. Lou V. Martini,** 8th Photo. Sq. If anyone knows his whereabouts please tip off Bowie. . . . **T/Sgt. John H. (Lefty) Carroll** sends out tracers for **Robert Newman** and **George Gould,** once stationed at Dow Field, Maine; his kid brother somewhere in the Pacific with the Navy; and **1st Lt. Henri L. Richards,** gawdnoswhere. . . . **Cpl. Emmett Donaghue** wants to hear from **John, Colin, Peter, Francis, Lawrence, Allan, Jim** and **Pat Thompson.** All of you write him c/o YANK's Message Center. . . . **Cpl. Ike Halper** wants **Pfc. Charlie Plock,** somewhere in England, to know he saw his picture in the Middletown, (N. Y.) *Times Herald.* . . . **Pvt. Paul T. Hernandez** wants **Cpl. William J. Bryan,** somewhere in Camp Livingston, La., to send his complete address. Hernandez lost it when he left Seattle. . . . **Cpl. William S. Johnson** is anxious to know the whereabouts of **Cpl. John Ashburn** of Valentine, Nebr., who attended Chanute Field (Ill.) Weather School and was transferred to Minter Field, Bakersfield, Calif. . . . **Sgt. Arthur Kapfhammer** wants news from the fellows he knew at the Radio School, Scott Field, Ill.: **Pvts. Mike Stapanian, Joe Lack, Harley Hefty, George Student, Joe Walsh, Willman, Skags, Jack Irvine, Harry Winters, Zogbaum, Smith, Red Cummings, Ridge Ridgely, Bill Sutherland, Peter Lycos, Paul Lycos, Sgt. Harry Kruvand** and **O/C Jackson.** . . . **Pvt. Ray Monroe Kostewka,** screen boy for the New York Yankees, now with the 56th Ferrying Squadron, wants to hear from two other members of the team: **Timmy Sullivan,** the official mascot, now serving with the Coast Guard, and **Gus Pashkoff S1c,** visiting mascot. . . . **Sgt. Albert Landi** would like to get in touch with **Eugene Costanzo,** somewhere in N. Africa. . . . **T/Sgt. Frank Marra** sends this to **S/Sgt. Harry E. Sweeney** and friends in Hawaii: "*Aloha, kauas, hou kou aloha a nui loa,*" and asks them to write c/o YANK's Message Center. . . . **Pfc. William Mattson** wants to tell his brothers he's in good shape. They are **Tom** and **Ben** in the S. Pacific, **Parker** at Fort Lewis, Wash.; and **Jim** in the Navy, New Jersey. . . . **Sgt. Michael P. Moonan** would like news from his friends stationed at the QMC Van Bks., Wash. from 1938 to '41. They are **Alexander, Franz, Howard, Hunky, MacFarland, McBride,** and **Smith.**

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

I'm pilot on a B-24 with a crew of nine men. In about three weeks will be going overseas, but we haven't been able to draw all our equipment yet. The cooperation with the civilians at the sub-depot is about minus 40. Time and time again we would try to draw the equipment entitled to us, but the civvies would either be "too busy" or say, "Sorry but we're not issuing those." This is our only way to get what we need, and it leaves a searing effect plus a bad taste in our mouth to see these men and women working for the Army and yet not cooperating with the Army. I don't mean to condemn them all because I know how earnest some of them are, but there are too many that just don't give a damn as long as they get their check and don't risk their neck.

—**Lt. G. T. HALL**

Army Air Base, Clovis, N. Mex.

Dear YANK:

I enjoy your magazine very much, but the panning you give the sergeants is all bunk. I'm just a rookie in this Army but I have proof that some of the

sergeants are okay. This picture will show they're even willing to shine your shoes. The sergeant's name is Parks of the RSO.

—**Pvt. GEORGE R. SEKUNDA**

Fort MacArthur, Calif.

Dear YANK:

I just read your story of Bucyrus, Ohio. It was good and interesting, but I have a few comments to make. First, you forgot the porch and large pillars on the front of the court house. Also, you missed a traffic light in the background, and the one you did show is shown dead. It should have been red or green. . . . I was home on furlough in March, after spending four months in Canada, and found the town dead as you said. Had you added a few buildings to the left of the picture you would have taken in the liquor store and a tavern, both dead spots now. I love Bucyrus so well that I'm not going on pass very much but am saving my money to give it a new coat of paint when this war is over.

—**Pvt. C. L. FRANK**

Fort Bragg, N. C.

Dear YANK:

I'll be very happy to see Memphis, Tenn., in YANK's *Home Towns in Wartime* by Sgt. Bill Davidson, as I haven't had a furlough in two years. I have been out here over eight months, and it may be two more years before I get a furlough (smile).

—**Pvt. KENNETH EARL NEVELS**

New Hebrides

Dear YANK:

After landing in the ETO, and with the first weeks of homesickness over, I find myself enjoying YANK more and more. Griping (it's even an Army nurse's favorite pastime) is heard less often with YANK around to remind us of how much more everyone else is doing to help win the war. Our sisters in Africa and New Guinea aren't having any picnic either, so we lounge back in our chairs in front of the fireless fireplaces (GI socks and underwear —no glamor!) and think we're not so bad after all.

—**MARILYN MILLER, ANC**

England

Dear YANK:

Your attitude towards the Coast Guards [in an April issue of YANK] made me feel very good. I say this because a great many people have asked me what the Coast Guards do and what they're for. Well, your magazine did a very good job stating it, and I don't think it could have been put better.

—**EUGENE C. WETTERMARK Cox.**

Norfolk Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.

Dear YANK:

I have just finished reading your story about the 41st Division [in an April issue of YANK]. With all due respect to the 41st Division, how about a little credit for the 32d Division which was the first to go into action over there? I was a member of that outfit during the Battle of Buna. When the 41st Division came to relieve us, we were worn out, as we had fought and marched for four months before being relieved. The 41st Division came up in the middle of January and flew all the way. If you give us a little credit it will mean a lot to the boys still in hospitals over there. I'm not trying to tear anybody down or act smart; just making a friendly suggestion.

—**Pvt. TOM ANDREW**

Hammond General Hospital, Modesto, Calif.

Dear YANK:

Thanks for letting us see the picture of the cook on the cover of a recent issue. There may be a lot of good-natured jokes making the rounds at the expense of the Army cook, but the fact remains that he is an important man in the Army. He knows the importance of keeping himself scrupulously clean and in good physical condition at all times. Although there are times and circumstances when it is impossible, he makes every attempt to shave, bathe and change underwear at least daily, and oftener if necessary in warm weather. Outer clothing, if conditions permit, is changed as soon as it becomes soiled. . . . It's a great privilege and pleasure to be an Army cook because the job offers a wonderful opportunity to help build up the soldier's body and give him the energy and endurance which will carry him to success on the battlefield.

—**Pfc. LEON ARNOLD MULLER**

Camp Beale, Calif.

Dear YANK:

Being at the same station as Sgt. Gordon Browley, I wish to point out that his statement [in an April issue of YANK] does not portray the exact situation. His outfit was one of the first in this sector to have recreational equipment. Since mid-winter his outfit has enjoyed shows, a well stocked PX, a gymnasium and general recreational facilities. The other units in the area are just beginning to share the same advantages. I feel Sgt. Browley is doing an injustice to the Alcan Highway undertaking and wish to say that, although it is tough on some outfits, most of us have enough recreation to keep life from becoming monotonous.

—**Sgt. L. HADAWAY**

Canada

Dear YANK:

I always enjoyed playing cards for small amounts but was never a winner, and Scarne's article [in a recent YANK] has put an end to my card playing for the duration. Boys who lost their pay month after month are rubbing their chins and wondering if it did happen to them. YANK can rest assured they are a lot wiser. Keep up the crusade; we are all for you.

—**Pfc. THOMAS BRADY**

Staten Island Terminal, N. Y.

Dear YANK:

Remember the picture of the Yanks bartering with native girls in New Guinea in YANK last November? It brought a ray of sunshine into the lives of some young native men in whose village we are stationed. I showed them the picture which met with many deep-voiced "Goods!" I then tore it out and gave it to them. The natives pinned it up in their huts and now admire their own pin-up girls.

—**Cpl. BILL DURHAM**

Australia

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THE LIVELY ARTS. Best play of the year, according to the Pulitzer Prize Committee, which annually picks an All-American literary team, was "Skin of Our Teeth" by Maj. Thornton Wilder.

Maj. Thornton Wilder

Top novel was "Dragon's Teeth" by the veteran realist, Upton Sinclair. Robert Frost, who won the Pulitzer poetry prize before, won it again with "A Witness Tree." Esther Forbes was awarded the history prize for her "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In." Samuel Eliot Morison's "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," the story of Christopher Columbus, won the prize as best biography of the year. Journalistic awards went to Hanson W. Baldwin of the New York *Times* for his report of a tour of the Southwest Pacific, Forrest W. Seymour of the Des Moines (Iowa) *Register* for editorial writing, Jay Norwood (Ding) Darling of the New York *Herald Tribune* for the best editorial cartoon, Frank Noel of the Associated Press for the best photograph, Ira Wolfert of the North American Newspaper Alliance for his articles on the fifth battle of the Solomons, George Weller of the Chicago *Daily News* for distinguished war correspondence, and the Omaha *World-Herald* for planning a state-wide scrap collection. A new award, for musical composition, went to Prof. William H. Schuman of Sarah Lawrence College.

BROADWAY. Sporting a shiner *(see picture)*, actress Eleanor Francis recently appeared in Yorkville Court to obtain a summons for ex-fiance Richard Krakeur on a charge of punching her in the glim. . . . The cops in New York have rounded up a gang of nine men and a beautiful girl who have been robbing GIs on the Gay White Way at night. . . . Helen Forrest, who sings for Harry James, had her nose altered. . . . Joe Venuti has lost so many men to the Army that he may not be able to fill an engagement at the Roseland Ballroom. Six of Joe's men, almost half the band, have turned GI. . . . The five best sellers on the coin machines, according to *Variety*, are "As Time Goes By," "I've Heard That Song Before," "Black Magic," "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" and "Brazil."

Eleanor Francis

HOLLYWOOD. Movie actresses prefer enlisted men to officers, and you can paste that item in your hat. Of 213 beautiful stars interviewed in the Warner Brothers studio, 179 said they would rather go out with an enlisted man than an officer any night in the week. Sergeants won 89 votes, corporals 19 and privates 31. . . . Joan Bennett was forced to run around in the chill night air wearing only a pink silk nightgown when her Hollywood house burned down. Joan, her husband, Walter Wanger, and her two daughters were asleep when the blaze broke out. . . . Monty Woolley will impersonate the late Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany in his next movie role. . . . A United Airlines official paid $50,000 in War Bonds for a kiss from Barbara Stanwyck at a War Loan rally. That's the record price for this commodity. . . . The film version of "See Here, Private Hargrove" goes into production soon with Robert Walker as the private and Donna Reed as the heart interest. . . . Eleanor Powell and George Murphy team up as dancers in "Up and Down Broadway," a Technicolor musical. . . . Erich von Stroheim, who plays Marshal Rommel in "Five Graves to Cairo," is making a personal appearance tour of theaters where the movie is playing.

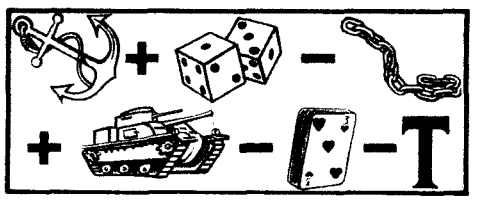
Joan Bennett

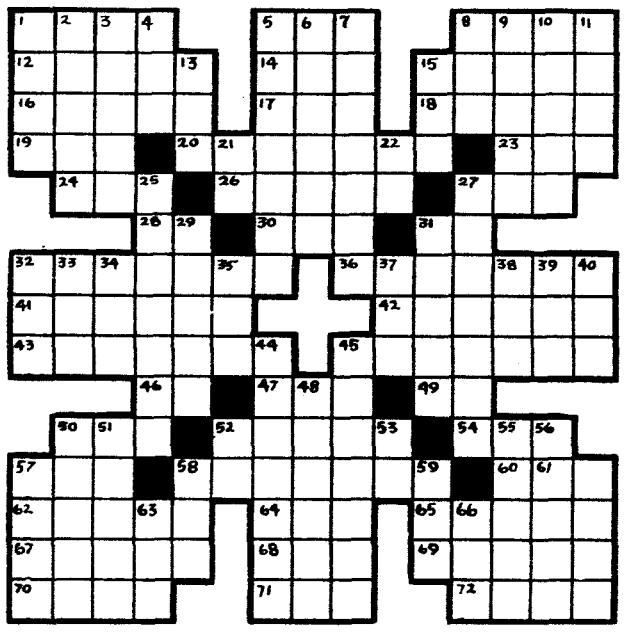
Evelyn Keyes

he trim young thing at the left is strictly GI. If ou doubt it, pipe the name of her next picture for Columbia: "Officer Candidate School."

DOUBLE PUZZLE

First tackle the Picture Puzzle below. Add or subtract the pictured objects as indicated. The result will be the name of an important North African seaport. Fill this into 1 Down on the crossword puzzle, then solve the rest of it.
(Solution on page 22.)





ACROSS
1. Strategic USSR city
5. High mountain
8. The hot spot on KP
12. Cowboys' public act
14. Give a black eye to
15. Lion-hearted
16. Boring tool
17. Before
18. Drive back an attacking force
19. Born
20. Drunken sprees
23. Middle of world
24. Abbreviated seniors
26. Town in Ohio
27. Kind of baby
28. Hot stuff (abbr.)
30. Cockneyese for "in this place"
31. Our neighbor continent (abbr.)
32. Dunked deep and long
36. Playing boisterously
41. Path to marriage (plural)
42. Dispenser of the wicked jab
43. Gossips
45. Love-letter salutation
46. Riding high in a big city
47. Anatomical drum-bearer
49. Prefix—again
50. What they shoot for in golf
52. Last word on a bill
54. Man's nickname
57. Small device for fastening
58. Ancient country, now partly in USSR
60. Distant
62. What Sarge does when mildly annoyed
64. Breed
65. Shown by a puffing up of the chest
67. Junior partner of fivers
68. No see, so not nice
69. Weird
70. Used out
71. Sharp fish
72. Saucy

DOWN
1. (Solve the picture Puzzle)
2. Wolves in sleek clothing
3. Chow-line pirate
4. Confederate general
5. Changed for the better
6. Place where food is kept
7. One who smooths himself up
8. Copper hide-out
9. Any substance in gaseous state
10. Each
11. Girl's nickname
13. Poetic for eye
15. Bean Rejecting Society (abbr.)
21. Middle of year
22. Egyptian sun god
25. The better 'ole offers this
27. Gamboled
29. If you can't do this you can't solve this
31. Smudge
32. Parked the carcass
33. —— Juana
34. Suffix indicating superlative
35. Compass point
37. Better than nothing
38. Almost a good idea
39. Naval Landlubbers Society (abbr.)
40. Get
44. Apparent
45. You'll find a heavy one in every bar
48. First name of famous aviatrix
50. This has 88 keys
51. This goes into a stew
52. Railroad (abbr.)
53. Note of the scale
55. Ablaze
56. Lowest point
57. The bow of a vessel
58. Donkey you ride on
59. Gorilla
61. Pleat on zoot suit
63. Sea eagle
66. Corded fabric

COMPANY STREET

SURPRISE. Cpl. William O'Herron, newly arrived at **Camp Tyson,** Tenn., opened his barracks bag, first pulled out a pair of bright red panties, then other feminine flimsies. En route to Tyson he had picked up a Waac's barracks bag for his own. Next day he mailed the bag to Waac Marjorie G. Anderson, stationed at **Wilkes-Barre** (Pa.) Induction Center.

RANK. At Allied HQ in **North Africa,** Maj. Gen. Walter D. Smith was inducted as a PFC in the Second Spahis of the French Colonial Cavalry.... 1st Lt. Nina Piatt, a nurse at **Camp Haan,** Calif., outranks her six GI brothers in the Army. . . . At the Alaska OCS pool at **Camp Lewis,** Wash., the KP list one day last week contained two master sergeants, four techs, five staffs, two corporals and Pvt. John A. Smith. . . . At **Camp White,** Oreg., Sgt. Butch Scottie went AWOL for seven days in search of love and was "reduced in rank without prejudice" to a buck private. Barked ex-Sgt. Butch: "It was worth it." 1st Sgt. Martin J. Bunyan is seen clipping Butch's stripes.

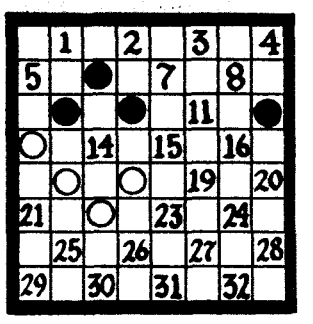
RESCUES. Cpl. Joe Nielson and his detail of 11 dogfaces were digging foxholes on a farm near **Merced** (Calif.) **Army Flying School** when they spotted a cow in distress. "She's gonna have a baby," said Nielson. So they took Bossie to a barn and delivered a 25-pound bouncing bull. Latest report indicated mother and bull were doing fine. . . . Last January S/Sgt. Mike Shipitz, of **Camp Rucker,** Ala., saw a soldier sinking in the Choctawhatchee River, jumped in fully clothed and swam the guy back to an anchored lifeboat. Two months later Shipitz got the Soldier's Medal. . . . John Andrew Urtchok S2c, was staggering across the deck of an **Atlantic Coast** destroyer when a wave that "looked like a three-story building" washed him overboard. After his ship had almost given up hope of rescuing him, a wave picked Urtchok and slammed him against the fantail of a second destroyer, where he was grabbed and lifted on deck. Said Urtchok: "Boy, for a minute I thought I'd never see home again." . . . Pvt. William M. Kotze, **Fort Riley,** Kans., got a tiny metal splinter in his eye, was placed under an anaesthetic and taken in a Flying Fortress to a hospital in Denver, Colo., where he was operated on successfully.

CHECKER STRATEGY

HERE is a very useful idea, quite often overlooked in a game. It's useful because it will turn defeat into victory.

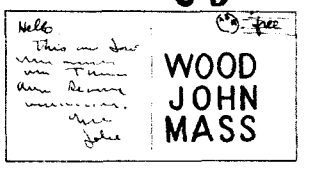
Notice how White seems to be completely tied up. He certainly cannot move without giving pieces away. Yet White snares a clean-cut win. How does he do it?

Before checking your analysis with the solution on page 22, number the playing squares of your board as shown at right.



Post Card Puzzle

"Most efficient Post Office Department in the world, that's what we got," murmured Joe to himself. He had just finished addressing a post card exactly as you see at right.



Joe's confidence in Uncle Sam's mailmen was certainly justified, for the post card was delivered to the right party.

Can *you* figure out the address? *(Solution on page 22.)*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS **If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.**

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ SERIAL NO. _____

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS _____

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS _____

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YANK FICTION

GENIE with the light brown hair

THE STORY OF CPL. SAM JOHNSON AND HIS WONDERFUL CHINESE LAMP

By Sgt. Merle Miller

So you think Cpl. Sam Johnson is a liar. Then don't bother to read this. All I'm saying is that Sam had the most unusual furlough in the history of the U. S. Army, and if you think he was AWOL, well, technically, you're right.

I'm just trying to tell you what happened as I know it. Sam has already appeared on all three networks, has been mentioned for President in 1944, praised by Dorothy Thompson, Walter Winchell and Louella Parsons, and condemned by Westbrook Pegler and the Ladies' Aid Society of Popeeka Falls, N. Dak. MGM is making a Mickey Rooney out of the yarn, and Walt Disney has already produced that Donald Duck short. Also two breakfast foods and an electric lamp have been named after him.

We were on a three-day pass in Chungking when it started. We're mechanics in the same squadron over here, you know, and since Sam's from Hill Valley, Wis., and I'm from Milwaukee we have a lot in common.

Well, as I started to tell you, we were walking down this side street in Chungking. "Not much like Wisconsin," I joked.

"Certainly wish I was back there," Sam replied. "Wish I was back in Mom's old antique shoppe."

It was right about then that I saw the lamp, almost hidden under a pile of old junk in the window of a second-hand store we were passing.

"Get a load of that lamp," I said to Sam. "I bet your mother'd go nuts over that."

"Guess I'll go in and price it," Sam answered. The old geezer who kept the place didn't want to sell, but we pointed out he had no right putting it in the window if it wasn't for sale. *Finally he said he'd take 25 bucks for it. I guess* he thought that'd scare Sam. But it didn't.

"Okay," Sam said. "Wrap it up."

When we got back to the field, Sam put the lamp in his foot locker. A couple of nights later, Sam said, "I think I'll clean it up and send it back to the old lady." So Sam took out his blitz cloth and started rubbing.

He couldn't have given it more than a lick or two when there was a roar that sounded like all hell had broken loose, and a big cloud of smoke appeared in the middle of the pyramidal. For a second I thought it was an air raid and reached for my gas mask. Then I saw the genie. I knew what it was from reading about Aladdin when I was a kid.

"For God's sake, Sam," I said, "look at that." Sam looked, and he got white as a sheet.

"What woudst thou have, master?" asked the genie, who was about 8 feet tall and had a voice like thunder.

By that time Sam was kind of green all over. "What in hell do you say to it?" he asked.

"Just tell it what you want," I replied wisely. I must admit I was a little scared. But hell, over here anything can happen.

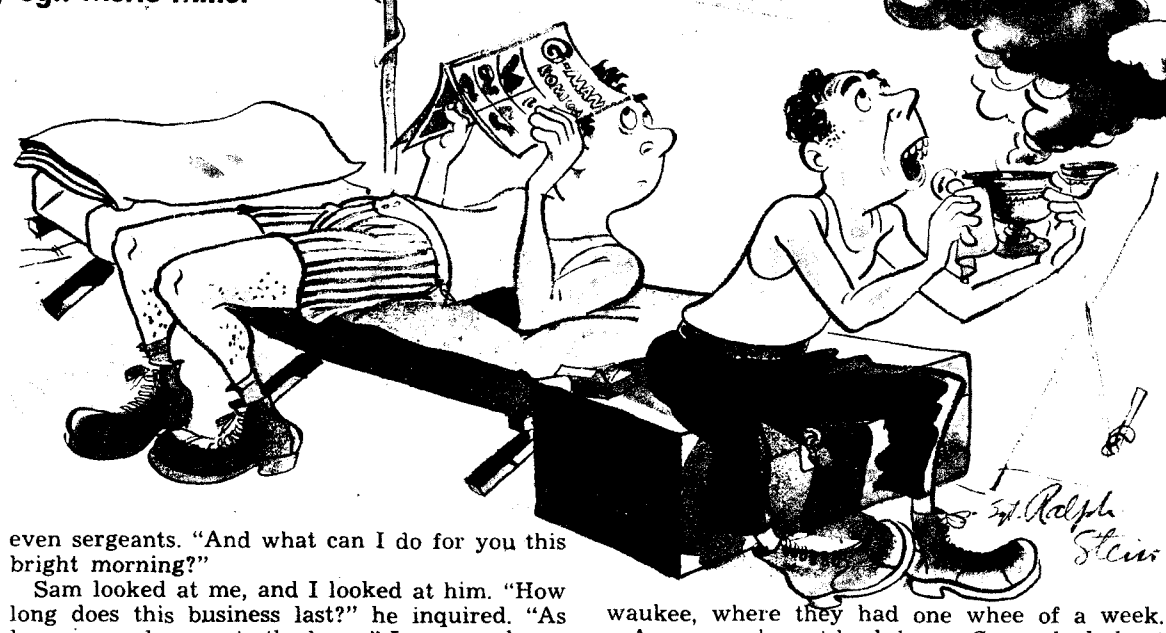
Sam gulped twice, and his voice squeaked when he spoke. "Could you possibly arrange to have 1st Sgt. Doyle on KP from here on in?" he asked the genie.

"It shall be done, *sahib*," replied the genie, disappearing in a cloud of smoke.

The next morning we didn't wake up until 8 o'clock. When I glanced at my watch, I jumped out of bed with a start. Then I saw that everybody else was still sleeping—except Sam. "Where the hell's Doyle this morning?" I asked.

"I'm afraid to find out," said Sam, his voice shaking. Then I remembered, and we both got into our clothes as quickly as we could on account of Doyle is a plenty tough cookie and sees that everybody rolls out of bed for reveille seven days a week at 6:15.

I don't know what we expected to see when we got to the mess tent, but it was a surprise nevertheless. There was Doyle on his hands and knees, scrubbing the floor. "Good morning, friends," Doyle said, which is far from his usual manner of greeting corporals and privates or even sergeants. "And what can I do for you this bright morning?"



Sam looked at me, and I looked at him. "How long does this business last?" he inquired. "As long as you hang onto the lamp," I answered.

Sam got up some courage then and said, "Breakfast, and hurry it the hell up, buster." "Yes, sir, corporal," Doyle replied, "and would you like one powdered egg or two?" "Two," Sam said.

Well, you could have tied up the whole squadron in a knot that day. We spent all our time getting Doyle to do chores for us, like polishing our shoes, cleaning the latrine six times, and bowing and calling us "sir." Even the captain joined in the fun. To tell the truth, he'd always been a little afraid of Doyle himself.

What happened after mid-afternoon I don't know for sure, of course; I only know what Sam's told me.

He went back to the pyramidal, he says, and got out the lamp. He rubbed it once, and the genie appeared and said the same words, "What woudst thou have, master?"

Sam says he spoke up as bold as you please. "I want a furlough," he says. At first the genie didn't understand what that meant, and Sam had to explain that it meant he'd get back to Hill Valley, Wis., for 14 days. That's all he had a chance to say, he reports.

Sam just felt a whisk of wind, and a minute later he was walking down Main Street in Hill Valley, carrying the lamp under his arm. When the local citizenry saw him, they had an impromptu parade right down to his house. They all thought the war was over.

As I said at first, I guess there's never been a furlough like Sam's in the history of the U. S. Army. Sam rubbed the lamp, asked the genie for a roll of bills, and took his girl Edith to Milwaukee, where they had one whee of a week.

As soon as he got back home, Sam asked about the lamp. "I sold it," his mother said. Sam got sick as a dog. "Who'd you sell it to?" he asked.

"To an old Chinese man," his mother answered. "I know you told me to hang onto it, son, but mother knows best. The wick was all gone anyway, and you can get a new oil lamp down at the hardware store for a dollar."

Sam had to sit down his legs were so weak. He tried to find out from his Mom where the old man had gone. But she said she'd never seen the guy after he bought the lamp and what difference did it make anyway.

Well, you know the rest of the story. You know how Sam went down to the MP's at Camp McCoy and how, being MPs, they didn't believe him. How he was written up in all the papers on how the hell he ever got from China to Hill Valley, Wis., and how he was a liar, crazy or, as Walter Winchell said, "a dogface with imagination and good old Yankee daring."

And you know how he was brought back here by plane and how, when he went with the captain and all the rank to Chungking, the shop where he'd bought the lamp was closed and the old man had disappeared. You've also read how the captain said Sam might be crazy, but any man that could get back to Wisconsin without any transportation was okay by him.

Sam's been promoted to staff sergeant now, but he hasn't let that turn his head a bit. I guess the only guy who's mad about it all is Doyle.

Anyway, whether you believe Sam and me or not, you'll have to admit Sam's the only GI anywhere in these parts who's been home on furlough recently.

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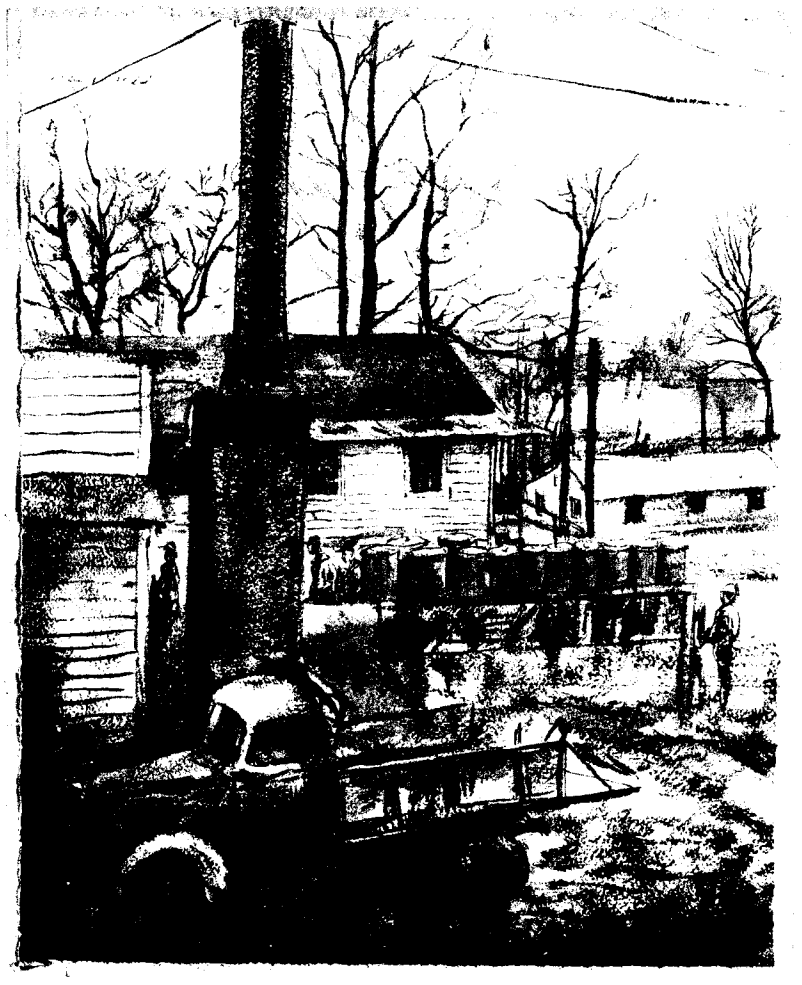
Soldier Artist

PFC. ALBERT GOLD

THESE two familiar Army camp scenes, "Bunk Fatigue," above, and "Mess Hall," at the right, are the work of Pfc. Albert Gold of the Richmond (Va.) Air Base, one of 12 enlisted men who have been selected to make a pictorial record of the war at overseas bases. The other soldier artists in the group are Charles Shannon, Milford Zornes, James Brooks, Richard Jansen, R. C. Von Ripper, Mitchel Saporin, Emmanuel Bromberg, Olin Dows, Edward Chaves, Frank D. Duncan and Jack Levine. They will make tech sergeants when they receive their assignments to travel in small units to North Africa, the South Pacific, the Middle East, England, Panama, China, India, Liberia and the Ascension Islands. Under the direction of Maj. Gen. Eugene Reybold, Chief of Engineers, their job will be to depict on canvas GI experiences outside the camera's limits. YANK hopes to bring its readers sketches made by these sergeants on the battlefields.



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Lt. Gen. Lesley McNair, commanding general of U.S. Ground Forces, returns to Washington as a war casualty. He was wounded by shrapnel in Tunisia.

These blind workers in Chicago won the Maritime Commission's "M" pennant for merit. Totally blind, they work with great efficiency, folding, hemming and wrapping sheets and pillow cases for merchant ships.

ARKANSAS

Dr. H. S. Neel succeeded H. C. Stump as mayor of Stuttgart. The Magnolia Chamber of Commerce is seeking a federal housing project. At Lake City, Joe Ellis, 46, a traveling evangelist, was acquitted of raping the 20-year-old wife of a fellow minister in whose home Ellis was staying. At Pine Bluff, Mrs. J. I. Appling, 22, was severely burned in a vain effort to rescue her two children from their blazing home.

CALIFORNIA

The state's "gin marriage" law which required a three-day period between application for a license and its issuance was repealed. Sacramento high-school students bought enough War Bonds to buy two Flying Fortresses. A jury at Auburn was selected to try Amos Latshaw, 18, alleged confessed slayer of five members of his family. Arden D. Lawhead, 44, former Vista postmaster, was charged with embezzling $2,249 in postal funds. At Los Angeles, 110 plain-clothes men were demoted for failing to pass a police promotional exam. A survey indicates that the state must care for 150,000 children of mothers in industry by the end of 1943.

CONNECTICUT

The Legislature voted free hunting and fishing licenses for Connecticut citizens in the armed services. At Willimantic, state police held Mrs. Alice McDonald, 33, on charges of deliberately burning the Green Meadows Inn, which she operated, to collect insurance. Alphonse Pescatore went on trial at Litchfield for an alleged attempt on the life of his estranged wife Rose in Torrington. Waterbury's available applicants for job placements dropped to a new wartime low of 600. Nearly 700 workers from unproductive lands in West Virginia and Kentucky arrived in Thompsonville to work on tobacco plantations. Thomaston's School Board voted compulsory vaccination for all children entering school.

DELAWARE

Milford police adopted a two-way radio system. A 55-minute state-wide air-raid test was declared successful. At Wilmington, a radio appeal over station WDEL brought 50 blood donors to the Memorial Hospital, where Mark Kenneally, a patient, was being given a continuous transfusion; Valley Garden, a gift of Mrs. Robert Wheelwright, was added to Wilmington's park system; Mayor James sought a second term.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Thirty-five employees at the War Department Pentagon Building were hospitalized for food poisoning after eating in the building cafeteria. The Board of Education debated whether Washington high-school hygiene courses should include the study of human reproduction. The Right Rev. Patrick J. McCormick succeeded the late Bishop Corrigan as rector of the Catholic University of America.

FLORIDA

Bills giving veterans of this war and their children the same special privileges now given veterans of past wars were signed by Gov. Holland. The Dade County Defense Council reported many cars but few riders registered in a share-car plan. Army and Navy officers helped prepare legislation, later signed by the governor, outlawing prostitution and seeking to control the spread of venereal disease. At Orlando, Augustine J. Hernoud, accused of killing two persons at the Florida Sanitarium, was found insane and remanded to the State Hospital at Chattahoochee.

ILLINOIS

Rock Island announced post-war plans for a modern airport, and the University of Illinois was granted $250,000 to buy property for an "outstanding aeronautical school" to be built after the war. Deer Park, near Starved Rock State Park, was added to the state-park system. Work horses were scarce, and the price for them rose to $175. Canton grocery stores, short-handed, voted a 5-day week. Cleytus Swanick, 16, became a telegraph operator at Melvin. Dogs in 40 Illinois communities were under rabies quarantine. State acreage of cucumbers for pickles was reduced one-fifth because they were listed as a non-essential food.

INDIANA

Diamonds worth $5,000 were stolen from Louis Mohlman's store, Logansport, in a Sunday daylight robbery. Marion County judges refused to wear black judicial robes. William Myers, buried in a pauper's grave at Fort Wayne, left gold-mine stocks valued at $60,000. Evansville inaugurated horse-drawn cab service with a horse-and-buggy parade. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Masten perished with their three children when their farm home burned near Bainbridge. Homer Coleman was killed when his team of horses bolted at Plainfield.

IOWA

Ten fraternity houses were converted into barracks as Army and Navy training activities were extended on the SUI campus at Iowa City. Ben Osborn, Des Moines student pilot, was allowed five gasoline coupons after losing his wallet while flying upside down. Centerville's Mayor Fleming held a 10-vote majority over Carl Ware following a recount. William Trussell of Albia and Louis Brahmer of Hartley, motorcyclists, died in a crash near Oskaloosa. Fire destroyed the Cedar Inn night club near Charles City. The help shortage at University Hospital, Iowa City, was met by reducing baths from three to two per week.

KANSAS

Organized labor protested a new law which prohibits sit-down strikes and requires unions to file annual financial statements and register business agents. Pratt Army Air Base was dedicated. Sheriff Owens of Emporia captured Lloyd McKeever of Topeka, an alleged liquor-law violator, after a 75-mile chase from Emporia to Topeka. The State Chamber of Commerce authorized a committee to study post-war industrial possibilities for small towns.

KENTUCKY

At Louisville, three bandits entered the Seelbach Hotel, bound Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dusenberry of Muskogee, Okla., and robbed them of $6,000, most of which they had won at Churchill Downs. At Richmond, Carl Sandlin, 39, told police he was shot by Alma White, 18, who then killed herself while they were parked on Four Mile Pike. Their five children were killed and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bokelo were seriously injured when their auto collided with an Inter-City bus near Walton. The new Fine Arts Building will open at Murray State Teachers College next fall.

LOUISIANA

The Louisiana State Police Jury Association, meeting at Lafayette, recommended that all future executions be held in the state prison. At New Orleans, the Dies Committee was to investigate Nazi spying allegedly done by Baron Edgar von Spiegel, former German consul general; the Gentilly area requested a new post office. The Navy opened a 10-million-dollar blimp base at Houma.

MASSACHUSETTS

A five-man board began selecting Massachusetts convicts for military service. Cape Cod was having a real-estate boom. The Red Sox closed the Fenway Park parking lot for the duration of the pleasure-driving ban. At Clinton, nine firemen were injured in a $68,000 fire which swept the Johnson block. Dr. William E. Park became acting headmaster of Mount Hermon School after Dr. David R. Porter resigned. Bishop Cushing raised funds for a post-war chapel in the Solomons as a memorial to Comdr. John J. Shea of Cambridge, lost when the *Wasp* sank. Questionnaires showed 2,326 Worcester families planned victory gardens.

MICHIGAN

Federal and local authorities investigated an $85,000 fire which destroyed 14 Navy planes at the Kalamazoo Municipal Airport. Fire razed the Loma Theater at Coloma. At Port Huron, Fred R. Hagen, Emmet farmhand, got life imprisonment for the hammer slaying of Fred Simpson, his employer. A 15-year-old bellhop in a Detroit hotel was charged with stealing $407 from guests' mail. Hundreds of tons of grain were strewn over the Pere Marquette tracks in Dearborn by the derailment of 15 freight cars. Died at Detroit: Harry A. Miller, builder of the Miller Specials which won 11 of the 500-mile Indianapolis Speedway races.

MINNESOTA

Edward Stanton and Mrs. Anna Huff were held by Ramsey County authorities in connection with 21 illegal operations alleged to have been performed in a Minneapolis rest home. The Minneapolis Lions Club celebrated its silver anniversary with a banquet at which not one item of food was on the ration list. Leroy Hazeman, 16-year-old Elk River farm boy accused of threatening his family with violence, was captured by a posse of 50 Sherburne County citizens near Zimmerman. The U. S. paid an average of $70 an acre for land taken over for the Gopher Ordnance Works at Rosemount. Planting of Minnesota's grain crops proceeded despite a serious labor and machinery shortage.

MISSISSIPPI

A county-wide vigilante committee of 77 was voted at a mass meeting in Laurel to "rid Jones County of liquor, lewd women and gambling." At Biloxi, a pistol was the main clue in the slaying of Mrs. Delbert Rader, wife of a night-club orchestra musician from Kinsley, Kans. At Hazlehurst, the cabbage harvest was of excellent

NEWS FROM HOME

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Joan Fontaine of the movies becomes an American citizen with a couple of GIs in Los Angeles. Born in Tokyo of British parents, she stands between Pfc. L. S. Hajizomenti, British, and Sgt. C. Musumeci, Italian.

High school beauties make up for some of the labor shortage in Duarte, California, by helping to pick oranges. Tree in background yields 13,000 a year.

quality. At Gulfport, Eugene D. Pose and Otis Bryant, federal prisoners, escaped from Harrison County prison the second time in six weeks.

MISSOURI

Army cadets living at Drury and State Teachers' Colleges, Springfield, were forbidden to kiss their wives on the campus. Some 300 saloons in and around St. Louis were expected to close because of a liquor shortage. A survey revealed a severe shortage of farm labor in Pemiscot County. While Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cooper tilled their victory garden near Bonner Springs, their home in Kansas City was looted of $842. Gov. Donnell's merit system plan was opposed by Republican House Speaker Elliott on the ground it might freeze jobs against returning soldiers.

NEBRASKA

Ira Draper, 93, former pony-express rider on the St. Joseph-Salt Lake City route, died at Falls City. Plans for an Army hospital at Lincoln were abandoned. State liquor-tax receipts dropped from a peak reached in 1942. John W. Towle, 70, president of the Omaha Steel Works, died.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Sunset League of Concord has suspended for the duration. At Laconia a verdict was issued that David Hernandez, 20, killed Olive Trickery, 18, and himself after a lovers' quarrel. A service flag honoring 328 state employees in the armed forces was presented to the State Employees' Association by Gov. Blood. Mrs. Evelyn Earley was appointed Nashua's first postmistress. The Legislature provided that hunting and fishing licenses for persons over 70 will be 50 cents instead of $2 a year.

NEW MEXICO

Although he owed nothing, a former New Mexico resident, now living in Virginia, sent State Income Tax Director Kerr $5 and wrote: "After living elsewhere, I think it is worth at least $5 to call New Mexico my home." At Springer, the board of control of New Mexico State Reformatory heard charges that two boy inmates had been beaten to death. Thirty new families moved to Farmington as a result of oil activity on the Navajo Reservation. At Gallup, Supt. James N. Stewart reported a growing agitation among 53,000 Navajo Indians for the right to vote in Arizona and New Mexico elections.

NEW YORK

Batavia's City Council picked Philip R. Marcello to succeed the late W. Elby Keyser as mayor. At Kingston, Alfred R. Finley missed Sunday School for the first time in 34 years; instead, he reported for work at a gunpowder plant. Syracuse was shaken by the explosion of a ton of dynamite which resulted when two boys took a pot-shot with a .22-caliber rifle at a farm shack where the dynamite was stored. Rouses Point trustees waived local taxes for the second year in succession. Thomas S. Gordon, 48, treasurer of the Sonotone Corp., committed suicide at Pleasantville. Niagara Falls enforced a 9 P.M. curfew for boys under 14 and girls under 12. At Buffalo, Jimmy O'Keefe, newsboy at Main and Seneca Streets for 27 years, was inducted.

OHIO

At Dayton, linen from Wright and Patterson Fields and several local hotels was destroyed when the Progressive Laundry burned. The Lakewood Council defeated a proposed curfew ordinance after hearing arguments of teen-age boys and girls against it. Ohioans over 21 registered for liquor rationing due to start June 1. Cleveland street-car and bus operators ended an 18-hour strike. At Toledo, the congregation of St. Petri's Lutheran Church was dismissed while police used oxygen to revive Herman Manzek, victim of a heart attack. Xavier University seniors graduated without the traditional caps and gowns. Frank Wandle, 33, was killed at Lisbon when his farm tractor upset.

OKLAHOMA

New state legislation affecting servicemen included the waiving of their state taxes until six months after the war, provision for them to vote without registering if otherwise qualified, and extension of their drivers' licenses for the duration plus six months. Wolves in the vicinity of Ardmore were attacking cattle and poultry in broad daylight. At Guthrie, 75,000 persons celebrated the state's 54th birthday by watching a parade and rodeo. More than 100 Oklahoma high-school boys were signed up to work in Canada this summer as engineering assistants on the Alcan Highway.

PENNSYLVANIA

Because crap games regularly blocked the aisles of trains carrying war workers to Chester, railroad police arrested 10 players who were fined $10 each. Allentown police who arrested Walter Fry, 38, of Bethlehem for acting suspiciously found $2,340 in his pockets. Six field interviewers conducting a housing survey in the Sharon-Farrell district were forced to get hotel accommodations at Youngstown, Ohio, 15 miles away. Hard-hit by the labor shortage, Lancaster barbers shaved only old-established customers, and Ephrata barbers gave haircuts and shaves by appointment only.

RHODE ISLAND

Sixty OPA inspectors went on duty at Narragansett Park as a part of a drive in New England to curb gasoline ration-law violations. In two years, Middletown gained 77 percent in population while New Shoreham lost 25 percent. The old Thomas H. Angell homestead, a North Providence landmark for 243 years, was torn down. At Woonsocket, Llewellyn Powers, 83, of Brookline, N. H., won the semi-annual old-time New England fiddling contest.

SOUTH CAROLINA

The South Carolina Supreme Court ordered the acquittal of Jerome S. Powell of Pelzer, convicted of manslaughter and given a 6-year sentence. The state approved a reduction in electric rates of the South Carolina Electric and Gas Co. The newly completed St. Denis Catholic Church in Bennettsville was dedicated. Walterboro planned a new 80-bed hospital. Floyd Etheridge was arrested in connection with the fatal shooting of Mottie Casselman, Georgetown County farmer.

TENNESSEE

The state purchased 4,200 Civil War bayonets from a New York curio dealer for 25 cents each for use with shotguns carried by the State Guard. Constable Boswell of Gallatin was charged with first-degree murder in connection with the shooting of Cpl. James Gregory, on furlough from the Solomons, and a civilian. The strawberry harvest started at Humboldt with prices averaging $6 for a 24-quart crate. Ten miners were killed in an explosion in the Etna mine at La-Follette. At Chattanooga, Judge Miller declared that 90 percent of the divorce cases in Hamilton County result from marriages in Georgia.

TEXAS

The few fishermen who inaugurated the new fishing season got good catches. Smaller auto license tags in use in the state have resulted in an annual saving of $110,000. Texas University and A & M tied for the Southwest Conference baseball title. Chief Welch of Dallas was elected president of the Texas Police Association. At Houston, Tommy Guerrero, 21, crippled leader of a Mexican gang, got 20 years for the murder of his uncle, Joe Pacheco, 40.

UTAH

The State Council of Defense asked 603 homes and rooms to fill housing needs of new residents. A $20,000 LDS chapel was dedicated at Lewiston. Iron County schools closed two weeks early to permit pupils to work on farms. Gov. Maw donated four parachutes to the Utah Civil Air Patrol. The Supreme Court upheld the disbarment of Attorney R. O. Pearce, convicted in 1939 of conspiring with former Mayor E. B. Erwin and former Chief of Police Harry Finch to permit vice and gambling in Salt Lake City.

VIRGINIA

The state's Fenwick Commission considered whether hospital treatment is better than jail terms for inveterate drunks. At Hematite, none of the 14 members of the Dunlap High School senior class was absent for 111 consecutive school days. At Richmond, it cost $105,000 to repair 32,000 trees damaged by last January's ice storm.

WASHINGTON

Tacoma's Mayor Cain advocated municipal operation of pinball machines. Four youths and an elderly woman died in a gale that lashed Seattle and Puget Sound. A shortage of 200 tractor drivers threatened a 25 percent reduction in the dry edible pea harvest and a nation-wide shortage of split-pea soup. At Walla Walla State Prison, a trusty escaped with 10 blank prison checks; one, cashed for $300, came back. The Civil Aeronautics Administration appropriated additional funds for the Seattle-Tacoma Airport near Bow Lake, but a strike delayed the project.

WISCONSIN

Warren P. Knowles of New Richmond, Republican leader of the State Senate, became a lieutenant in the Navy. At Madison, Judge Proctor ruled that girls under 21 cannot enter taverns. Reinhold Flessert, Shawano farmhand, got life imprisonment within 24 hours of the slaying of John Perrar, cashier, in an attempted bank holdup in Birnamwood. Six floods in one year were too much for the 900 residents of Spring Valley, so they prepared to move to the hills.

What Goes On in Your Own Home State

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POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

THE FREE DRINKS FLOW

The free drinks flow tonight, my love, because
  Our pay roll's fully seven nights away,
And though I violate the ancient laws
  Of taverns, and each drinker's turn to pay,
I still can gain that vague and blurry height
  Attained by using alcohol enough
To fog the mind and lift the spirit's night:
  And who wants to be made of sterner stuff?

Not I! Not I! I'm what I am, and so
  Unsteadily I watch you floating past—
A naiad wafted on the gentle flow
  Of heavy, smoke-filled air—a pearl miscast
And thrown in circumstances slightly shady:
  What are you doing here, and you a lady?

—Pfc. WILLIAM CARTY

Army Air Base, Rapid City, S. Dak.

WOMEN

They yearn for glamor in all things,
They sigh whenever Crosby sings,
Their pulse beats quicker once they've seen
Gable-Taylor on the screen.
  Who? . . . Women!

They're slaves to Fashion for their clothes,
They paint themselves from lips to toes,
They like to rise but hate to walk,
Like to dance and *love* to talk.
  Who? . . . Women!

Down through the years it's been the same:
Each daughter plays her mother's game—
The magic art of counterfeit,
'Cause there are those who fall for it.
  Who? . . . We men!

—Sgt. FRED POOLE

Alachua Army Airfield, Gainesville, Fla.

Sketch by Sgt. Paul Galdone, Fort Belvoir, Va.

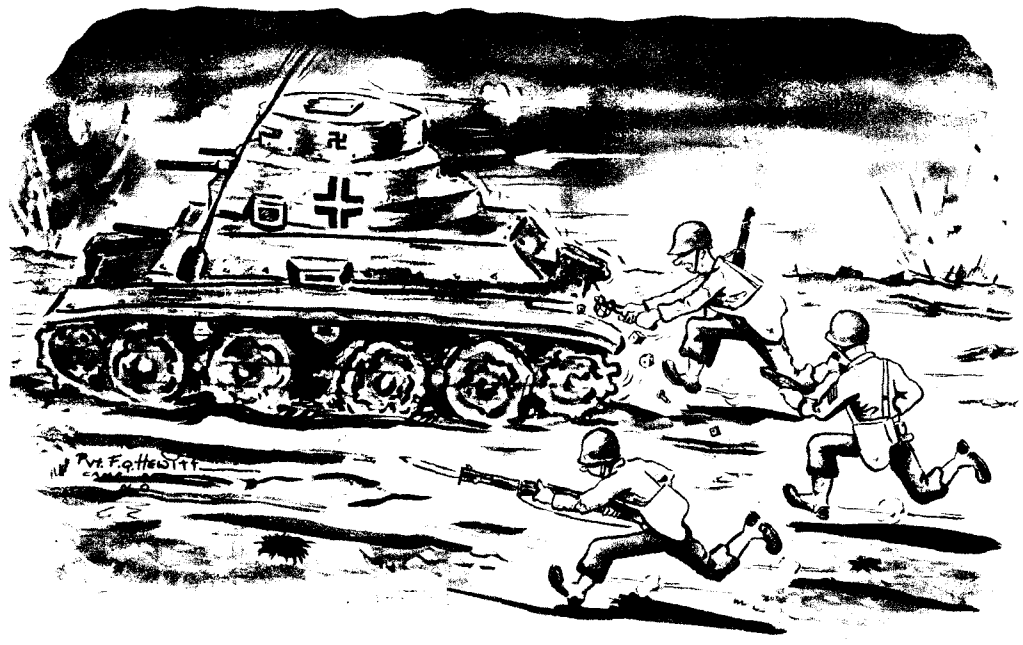
BALLAD OF GI GAOL

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars
  a cage."
I've read it *somewhere once*, I think, or heard it
  on some stage.
I guess it's just a state of mind, but since in dur-
  ance vile
That phrase won't do for me at all; I'd like a big,
  strong file.

"Stone walls do not a prison make?" Well,
  brother, at this station,
If they don't a prison make, it's a damn good
  imitation!

—Pvt. JACK PEHR

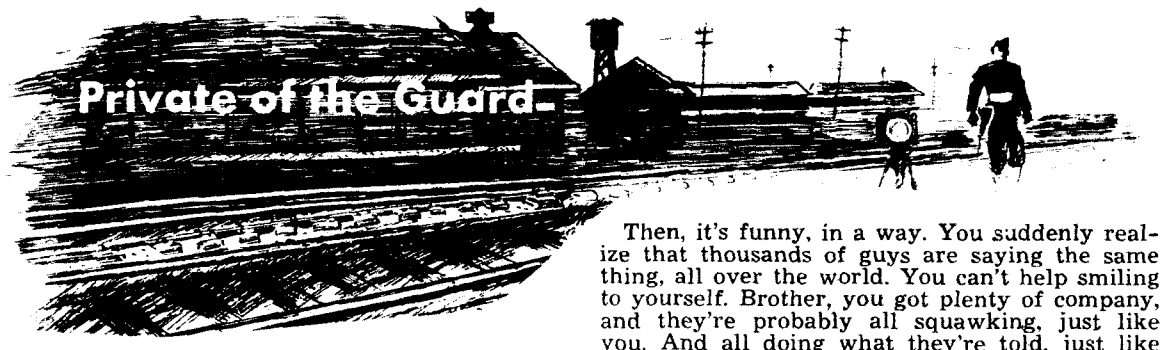
Camp Hale, Colo.



—Pvt. Frank Q. Hewitt, Camp Davis, N. C.

"I'm sure, Pvt. Lewis, they taught you a more effective way at Tank Destroyer School."

Private of the Guard



THEY come to me and say I am on guard duty. Twenty-four hours: four on and four off. So at 6 o'clock that night I stick a .45 at my side and go to post No. 4. A good post. It skirts the railroad tracks, and you can always see the OD coming.

Nothing to do but think. Think. Walk up and down, up and down, and think. Once in a while somebody walks across the tracks. It isn't dark yet. Why not kill time by counting the number of ties on the tracks? You guess there are 90, but there turn out to be 161. Bum guess.

Wonder how long the war is going to last. Will the Cards repeat this year? There is a chance the war might end this year. No there isn't. Why kid yourself. Wise up, you got a long stretch ahead.

You try to think of your girl, but she won't stay. She keeps dropping out.

Your relief comes. You tell him the special orders. No, you didn't see the OD. You hope you never see him. Back to the guard barracks. The cots there are filthy, and it's hot—too hot to sleep. Some fool comes along, the corporal of the guard, and throws a flashlight in your face.

"Are you on the first relief?" he asks.

"No, no. Third relief, for chrissake."

Finally you get to sleep. You're home; snow is on the ground, and you're wearing shorts. Your girl calls you a wormy soldier. It's a dream, you see. There's a buzz in your ears. It is the clown in the next cot telling some partner in misery how he made a girl on a farm somewhere.

"Third relief! Third relief!"

You're tired, sleepy, but you get up because you can't help yourself and answer roll call. You head back to your post, groggy and sore. Who started this damn war anyway?

Then, it's funny, in a way. You suddenly realize that thousands of guys are saying the same thing, all over the world. You can't help smiling to yourself. Brother, you got plenty of company, and they're probably all squawking, just like you. And all doing what they're told, just like you.

"Third relief, Mac."

—Pvt. WALTER DEAN

Greenville (Miss.) Army Flying School.

"Aug. 18, 1918. Immediate action. To Capt. H. Fonsonby: You will lead your detachment across the Meuse River and proceed into Argonne Forest taking positions on our right flank. By order of Commanding Officer."

—Pfc. Sidney Rosenberg, North Africa

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

Because Sgt. D. H. Godwin, DAAF, De Ridder, La., happened to stumble across the word *grig* in the dictionary, he won YANK's April 9 Tee-Total contest with a score of 366, nosing out seven other GIs who were tied with 263. Grig, which means a cricket or grasshopper, gave Godwin the winning margin in his diagram shown at right.

Runners-up were Pvt. Joseph G. Yomner, Camp Pinedale, Calif.; S/Sgt. Harley F. Davidson, Fort Belvoir, Va.; Pvt. George D. Landsman, Stark General Hospital, Charleston, S. C.; Sgt. William O. Webb, Sixth Ferrying Group, Long Beach, Calif.; S. Sgt. Franklin F. Buell, Governors Island, N. Y.; Cpl. Sydney Schwartz, 91st Service Group, Leesburg, Fla., and Cpl. Edgar Mathew, APO 886, New York.

Top man in YANK's April 16 Blockbuster contest was Cpl. Irving Silver, Camp Rucker, Ala., who made 181 words out of the basic word ARTILLERY.

Silver and the eight Tee-Total winners each will receive a free YANK puzzle kit.

A new Tee-Total contest, with prizes for the top scores, appears in YANK each week.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY

White moves 18 to 15. Black must jump 10 to 19.
White moves 22 to 18. Black moves 19 to 23.
White moves 17 to 14, and it is easy to see that Black is powerless to prevent the loss of two checkers, the one on 9 and the one on 6. The latter is picked off by White after crowning.

Now, having one piece ahead—which Black cannot regain—White proceeds to win with ease.

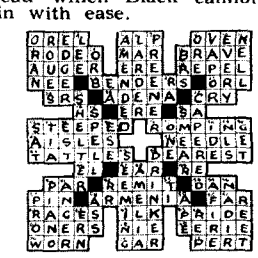
POSTCARD PUZZLE

JOHN UNDERWOOD
ANDOVER, MASS.

Which is explained thus: JOHN under WOOD and over MASS.

DOUBLE PUZZLE

ANCHOR plus DICE minus CHAIN plus TANK minus DECK minus I equals ORAN. →



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SPORTS: GRIFFITH FINDS A WINNING TEAM IS BEST BOX-OFFICE ATTRACTION

By SGT. DAN POLIER

THEY say that the man making the most money out of this war owns the champagne concession at the Kaiser shipyards. But Clark Griffith of the Washington Senators could give him $10 bills and beat him at his own game.

You must remember that Mr. Griffith isn't called the Old Fox for nothing. A few years ago, he promised Al Simmons a generous bonus if he could hit .300 for the season. Simmons went after the bonus like a trout after a succulent fly. He was hitting .298 with only a few games left to play when Griffith ordered Bucky Harris to bench him for the season. That should give you an idea how tough it is to beat the old Fox at any game.

Right now, with Washington booming like a lush Nevada mining town, Griffith is making money hand over fist or any other way you make money. His Senators are bustling along in the first division at an alarming speed and boomtown Washington is turning out in droves to see them play.

Griffith realized the tremendous possibilities of giving the wartime capital a first division team last winter. He immediately went to work and unloaded his half-baked collection of rookie talent and brought in solid and established replacements like Gerry Priddy, the Yankee infielder, and Bob Johnson, the power slugger of the Athletics. Up to now, Griffith had never concentrated on assembling a winning team in Washington. He always figured he could lure crowds with night baseball and fellows like Cowboy Jones.

Cowboy Jones was an outfielder and considered just about the hottest operator from Natchez to Mobile. Griffith showed a lively concern about the Cowboy. He even refused to risk a scout report on this potential box-office attraction. He went down to Mobile to see for himself.

The Cowboy was all they said he was. He looked like a Cowboy and walked like one. In fact, Griffith thought so much of the Cowboy's gate appeal that he bought up his contract for $25,000.

Let it be said here and now that Cowboy Jones played six games with Washington. He made six errors and was called out 18 times—7 times on strikes, 10 times at first base, and once and for all by Mr. Griffith.

When Griffith began assembling his Senators last winter he must have remembered his sad experience with Cowboy Jones. Instead of signing every kid with a trick name and trick batting average, the Old Fox turned to the AA Leagues for seasoned men like Ewald Pyle, a slick knuckle-baller, and George Myatt, his new third baseman.

The Washington outfield of Stan Spence (.323), George Case (.320) and Bob Johnson (.291) could be the greatest in the league. The infield, with Priddy starring at second, is sound, and the pitching staff has shown some real skill. In Pyle, Leonard, Carpenter, Scheetz and Haefner, the Senators have five knuckle-ball pitchers, which ought to be some sort of record. They also have a right-hander named Early Wynn, who Griffith thought would be one of the biggest box-office attractions of all time.

A few years ago when the Washington scouts discovered Wynn, they described him as a very promising young Jewish pitcher. Griffith immediately took a deep interest in the youngster. A good Jewish pitcher, he knew, was worth his weight in box seats.

Clark Griffith, a sharp customer who always keeps a sharp eye on the gate.

Wynn turned out fine. He was a winner with Charlotte in the Piedmont League and gave promise of developing into a big league pitcher. Unfortunately Griffith was to learn the worst about Wynn even before he had a chance to spring him on Washington.

On one of his frequent trips to Charlotte, Griffith told the newspapers that they were missing a good story on Wynn. He went to great length to explain that his box-office baby was Jewish and would probably develop into one of the few great Jewish pitchers in big league ball. The next afternoon the papers printed the story.

Early Wynn almost became Griff's box-office baby

Wynn was downright startled when he saw the paper. He sought out the Old Fox and told him:

"I ain't Jewish, Boss, I'm an Indian."

The Merchant Marine gets new stamina as two-miler Greg Rice joins up.

At least one outstanding athlete took part in the Doolittle raid over Tokyo. He was **Robert J. Meder,** former champion half-miler at Miami (Ohio) University, who was captured when his plane crashed in occupied China. Whether Meder was one of the airmen executed by the Japs is unknown. . . . **Pvt. Bob Carpenter,** the New York Giant pitcher, almost laughed out loud when he met his first sergeant at Camp Grant, Ill. The top kick used to be bat boy at Wrigley Field, where Carpenter pitched many times. . . . One of West Point's best known football coaches, **Col. Ralph Sasse,** now commands a tank outfit at Fort Knox, Ky.

Rejected by the Army because of a double hernia, **Greg Rice,** turned right around and enlisted in the Merchant Marine as a chief specialist. Incidentally, Rice will get that long-sought race with **Gunder Haegg** when the fabulous Swede comes to the States at end of this month. . . . When All-American **Johnny Kimbrough** left Texas A & M to join the Army he weighed 220 pounds, enough to bar him from flying school. After a year in the Infantry at Camp Roberts, Calif., he's down to 198, and will enter flight school.

Lou Zamperini, whose name was flashed across the front pages as a bombardier on the Wake Island raids, is back in the news again. The USC track star has been credited with saving the lives of two crew members when his Liberator bomber limped home after a savage scrap with three Zeros. Zamperini spent five hours administering emergency treatment to his wounded companions. . . . Villanova College may drop football now that its football coach, **Clipper Smith,** got himself commissioned a captain in the Marine Corps.

One of the greatest baseball teams in the country is based at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Ill. Managed by **Lt. Mickey Cochrane** and made up largely of major-league players, the Bluejackets knocked off the world champion St. Louis Cardinals, 5-2. **Johnny Mize,** the recently-inducted Giant, powered the hitting attack with three singles.

Roster of the CHICAGO CUBS

PITCHERS	B	T	H	W	Home Address	1942 Club	Games	W	L	ERA
Barrett, Richard	R	R	5:09	175	Seattle, Wash	Seattle	40	27	12	*1.72
Bithorn, Hiram	R	R	6:01	200	Santurce, Puerto Rico	Cubs	38	9	14	3.68
Derringer, Paul	R	R	6:04	217	Sarasota, Fla.	Cincinnati	29	10	11	3.06
Erickson, Paul	R	R	6:02	200	Chicago, Ill.	Cubs	18	1	6	5.43
						Nashville	12	3	3	3.48
Fleming, Leslie	R	R	6:00	190	Yuba City, Cal.	Cubs	33	5	6	3.02
Hanyzewski, Edward	R	R	6:01	200	South Bend, Ind.	Cubs	6	1	1	3.79
						Milwaukee	18	7	2	3.89
Lee, William	R	R	6:03	205	Plaquemine, La.	Cubs	32	13	13	3.85
McPartland, John	L	L	6:04	200	Berkeley, Cal.	Dallas	36	7	17	3.33
Mooty, Jake T.	R	R	5:10	165	Fort Worth, Tex.	Cubs	19	2	5	4.71
Passeau, Claude	R	R	6:03	198	Lucedale, Miss.	Cubs	35	19	14	2.69
Prim, Raymond	R	L	6:00	178	Pica, Cal.	Los Angeles	39	21	10	2.47
Warneke, Lonnie	R	R	6:02	180	Hot Springs, Ark.	St. Louis N. L.	12	6	4	3.29
						Cubs	15	5	7	2.27
Wyse, Henry W.	R	R	5:11½	185	Tulsa, Okla.	Tulsa	39	19	11	2.56
						Cubs	4	2	1	1.93

CATCHERS	B	T	H	W	Home Address	1942 Club	Games	BA	RBI
Hernandez, Salvador	R	R	6:00	195	Havana, Cuba	Cubs	47	.229	7
McCullough, Clyde	R	R	5:11½	185	Nashville, Tenn.	Cubs	109	.282	31
Todd, Alfred	R	R	6:01½	209	Elmira, N. Y.	Los Angeles	122	.256	44
INFIELDERS—									
Becker, Heinz	L	R	6:02	200	Dallas, Tex.	Milwaukee	143	.340	94
Cavaretta, Philip	L	L	5:11	183	Hollywood, Fla.	Cubs	136	.270	54
Hack, Stanley	L	R	6:00	175	Sacramento, Cal.	Cubs	146	.300	39
Martin, Stuart	L	R	5:11	165	Severn, N. C.	Minneapolis	59	.272	28
						Pittsburgh	42	.225	12
Merullo, Leonard	R	R	5:11½	171	East Boston, Mass.	Cubs	143	.256	37
Stanky, Edward	R	R	5:08	170	Mobile, Ala.	Milwaukee	145	*.342	57
OUTFIELDERS									
Dallesandro, Dominic	L	L	5:06	170	Reading, Pa.	Cubs	96	.261	43
Lowrey, Harry	R	R	5:08½	155	Los Angeles, Cal.	Cubs	27	.190	4
						Milwaukee	9	.281	0
						Los Angeles	96	.257	39
Nicholson, William	L	R	6:00	200	Chestertown, Md.	Cubs	152	.294	78
Novikoff, Louis	R	R	5:09½	185	Long Beach, Cal.	Cubs	128	.300	64
Platt, Mizell	R	R	6:02	195	West Palm Beach, Fla.	Tulsa	46	.261	15
						Madison	92	.395	59
						Cubs	4	.063	2

*League leader.

COACHES—Ki Ki Cuyler, Charles Spalding. MANAGER—James Wilson.

NATIONAL SERVICE LIST—Army: Louis Stringer and Edward Waitkus; Navy: Marvin Felderman, Val Heim, Emil Kush, Russell Meers, Vern Olsen, Robert Scheffing, John Schmitz, Robert Sturgeon and Ben Warren; Coast Guard: Seymour Block, Paul Gillespie and Marvin Ricket.

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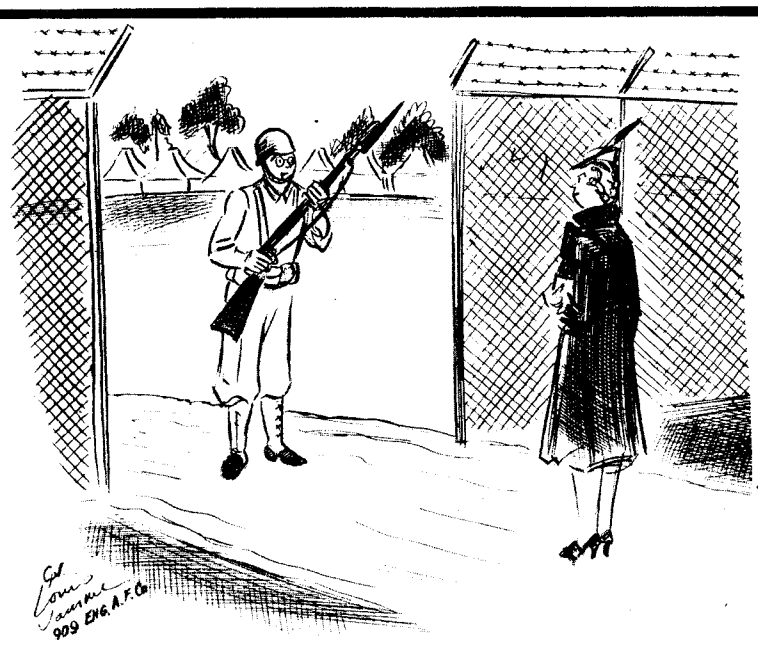
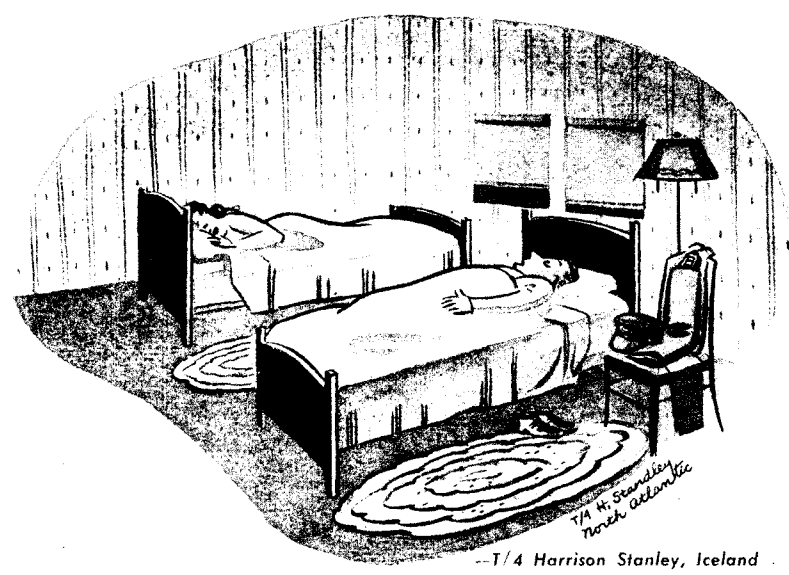
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"AREN'T YOU CARRYING THIS 'ONE OF THE BOYS' BUSINESS A BIT TOO FAR?"
—Cpl. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.



"HALT, WHO GOES THERE—DEAR?"
—Cpl. Louis Jamme, Mitchel Field, N. Y.



—T/4 Harrison Stanley, Iceland

"—AND THAT'S ALL I DO ALL DAY LONG—DRILL, DRILL, DRILL—."
—Pvt. Tom Zib, Camp Davis, N. C.

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